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THE PAGEANT OF NEWARK 1916

W-G-SESSER.



250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF
NEWARK = NEW JERSEY.

Book of Words

The Pageant of Newark

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS



PUBLISHED BY
THE COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED
NEWARK, 1916

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No. 1.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

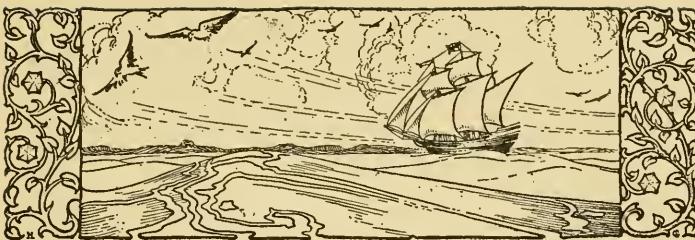
Robert Treat	-	-	T. C. B. Snell or Robert Treat
Micah Tompkins	-	-	Franklin Condit
Samuel Swain	-	-	Ogden Brower, Jr.
Robert Kitchell	-	-	W. Rae Crane
Indian Chief	-	-	Simon Englander
Samuel Edsal	-	-	Fred B. Geary
John Capteen	-	-	Edward Rothe
Perro	-	-	W. H. Stucky
Gov. Carteret	-	-	A. Leitheuser
Matthew Camfield	-	-	W. H. Camfield
Carteret's Secretary	-	-	Stuart Hedden
Pastor Pierson	-	-	Rev. Chas. Condit
Jasper Crane	-	-	E. Elmer Throssel
John Ogden	-	-	Alvah Frazee
Messenger	-	-	H. Bond Osborne
Captain Kuyf	-	-	A. Lower
Robert Bond	-	-	Fred A. Gross
John Ward	-	-	Horace S. Osborne
An English Officer	-	-	Herbert Abeles
Schoolmaster	-	-	Alexander Neumann
The Drummer	-	-	
Elihu Ward	-	-	Herman Shapiro
Amos Roberts	-	-	George Barry
The Sheriff	-	-	Raymond Jablonski
Nehemiah Baldwin	-	-	Charles Knoche
Aaron Burr	-	-	R. W. Kirschbaum
Richard Stockton	-	-	Milton Plapinger
Ebenezer Pemberton	-	-	Charles Macknet
Gov. Belcher	-	-	Percy Pulver
Captain Wheeler	-	-	Clifford Frazee
Col. Ogden	-	-	Harold Sonn
James Banks	-	-	Irving Stelle
A Horseman	-	-	William Bauer
Peter Schuyler	-	-	Harold Frazee
The Tapster	-	-	Edward Hosp
Dr. Burnett	-	-	Otto Moeller
Nicholas Hoffman	-	-	William Mullen
Isaac Longworth	-	-	T. Purchase, Jr.
MacWhorter	-	-	J. Victor D'Aloia
Justice Hedden	-	-	Leon D. Brooks
Elisha Boudinot	-	-	Charles VanSyckle
James Nuttman	-	-	William G. Gaunt
1st Tory	-	-	Louis Haas
2nd Tory	-	-	Harry Mehr
The Orderly	-	-	Frank Virtue
General Washington	-	-	Charles R. Williams
Col. Hand	-	-	Edward B. Mason

CAST OF CHARACTERS—(*Continued*)

Gen. Knox	-	-	-	-	-	Jerome Walling
Washington's Messenger	-	-	-	-	-	Walter Young
Cornwallis	-	-	-	-	-	Dr. P. H. Rusby
Major Lumm	-	-	-	-	-	Karl Monroe
Tory Guide	-	-	-	-	-	Winfield Monroe
The Lieutenant	-	-	-	-	-	J. A. Harkness
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	F. W. Northrop
Eleazer Bruen	-	-	-	-	-	J. Boehme
Mrs. Hedden	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth A. Davis
Mr. Alling	-	-	-	-	-	William B. Tompkins
The Bellman	-	-	-	-	-	
Squire Halsey	-	-	-	-	-	T. A. Kane
General Doughty	-	-	-	-	-	Howard Williams
Moses Ward	-	-	-	-	-	William Kraibuehler
Theodore Frelinghuysen	-	-	-	-	-	Courtland Palmer
Lafayette	-	-	-	-	-	Fred B. Geary
1st Young Lady	-	-	-	-	-	Rosemary Gallub
2nd Young Lady	-	-	Bettie Clark	—	Beatrice Fettinger	
3rd Young Lady	-	-	-	-	-	Selma Salbin
Mr. Goble	-	-	-	-	-	Joseph Mooney
Mr. Cleveland	-	-	-	-	-	Edward Riley
Mr. Rankin	-	-	-	-	-	P. Gilman
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Lincoln	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur Seymour

THE MASQUE

Puritan Spirit	-	Paul Musaeus, Chas. R. Williams
First Mist Spirit	-	Anna Golden, Camilla Krauter
Second Mist Spirit	Mrs. Eva Van der Elst, Mary McCluskey	
Watcher	-	Otto Moeller
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Law	-	Carl Siebert
Church	-	Mrs. Margaret Shorgren
Herald of Newark	Henry W. Wack, Simon Englander	
Greed	-	Ernest Seibert
Strife	-	Gus Troxler
Ignorance	-	Leon D. Brooks
Invention	-	Elizabeth Coelln
Commerce	-	Mrs. C. E. McKeon
Education	-	Eleanor Colburn
Justice	-	Gertrude Koss
Civic Beauty	-	Gladys I. Pennington
Liberty	-	Sarah Robotton



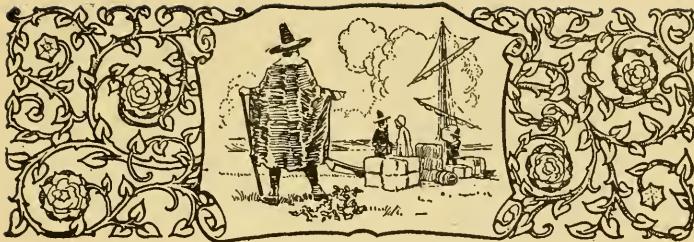
The Pageant of Newark

PROLOGUE

The stage beyond the narrow river lies dark, enveloped in thin veils of rising mist. A remote sound of Indian drums comes across the water, figures move mysteriously through the gloom, and a fire begins to blaze at the center. As the flames mount higher, the huts of an Indian Village appear and the figures are seen dancing in a swinging circle around the fire, their shadows flickering, enormous and distorted, upon the shifting mist. For a moment the dancing continues, then the fire sinks and a second light appears, this time over the lagoon—a lantern at the mast-head of a ship. As the ship crosses in the semi-darkness an English flag is seen at her peak and the hardy mariners of Cabot's crew tread her decks. A second ship, the ship of Verrazano, bearing the flag of France, passes in the opposite direction. Again the fire on the shore brightens. The Indians have ceased their dancing and a hunting party prepares to set out, when into their midst comes a runner warning them of approaching danger. He is followed immediately by the arrows of an attacking tribe. Shouting, the men of the village set themselves stubbornly to defend it. For a moment the picture is one of savage battle. The men of the village are driven back. From among the huts comes forward a group of frightened women, clinging together and bearing a white peace-belt. As they approach the fire a sudden fear seizes them and they scatter in flight. The attacking party shouts triumphantly and charges forward. Suddenly in place of the women appears a young chief alone, holding aloft a peace-belt. He is received scornfully

by the men of the tribes but the peace-belt is accepted. The women come forward and surround him, for thus it was that the old legend of the Peace Making of the Lenni Lenape was born. As the attacking tribe withdraws, the lights die down and the men of the returning tribe are dimly seen.

Now a third ship appears, in likeness to the Half-moon, a Dutch flag at her bow, and from her side a small boat makes the landing. Men from this boat go ashore and the leader seems to speak to the Indians. A quarrel arises between them, and the Indians threaten. The white men retreat to their boat pursued by the red men. They fire their pistols as they row away and their leader falls, pierced by an arrow. The boat returns to the lee of the ship, which proceeds on its way. For a moment the fire flames up again and the dancing shadows mount against the mist.



FIRST MOVEMENT

When the mists of the prologue have dispersed, the stage is left in darkness, and the lanterns of an approaching ship are the only points of light. As this ship comes nearer to the center of the lagoon, the lights aboard her gradually brighten, disclosing a group of men in Puritan garb, standing on the deck as if in silent prayer. In the glow that now illuminates the deck of the ship, their faces may be clearly seen; and now for the first time a speaking voice is heard.]

ROBERT TREAT

Imprimis, we are met, friends from Milford, New Haven, Guilford and Branford, mutually to agree, we men of Milford, together with the agents sent from Guilford and Branford, to make one township—

MICAH TOMPKINS

Provided the men of Guilford and Branford send word so to be, any time between this and the last of October next ensuing.

LIEUT. SAMUEL SWAIN

Ay, on the part of Branford, be it so provided.

ROBERT TREAT

And according to fundamentals mutually agreed upon, do we all desire to be of one heart and consent, that through God's blessing with one hand we may endeavor the carrying on of spiritual concerns, as also civil and town

affairs, according to God and a Godly government, here to be settled by us and our associates.

[The shore begins to emerge into light.]

ROBERT KITCHELL

Ay, by the will of God, be it so.

ROBERT TREAT

Here, by this river Passaic, we shall build our town.

MICAH TOMPKINS

These be as good meadows as any in New Haven Colony.

ROBERT TREAT

Make fast. This is our landing.

[They tie up the ship, and the boat following her is made fast. The people begin the unloading of their goods. Some few go up the stage to look over the ground, and finding a spring of clear water, drink and refresh themselves. Orders are given about the goods, and a considerable number of packs and bundles are put ashore, some of the men erecting a canvas shelter. The exploring party gives a sudden cry and comes running back to the group by the landing.

Enter a group of Indians. They come on slowly and threateningly, pausing to fit arrows to their bow-strings. The settlers shrink together, the men placing the women in the shelter of the goods and of their own line. The Indians pause. Treat and Swain now step forward and hold up their hands in greeting. An Indian steps forward.]

ROBERT TREAT

Peace, friends. You speak English?

INDIAN CHIEF

No English. (He stamps his foot.) Our land. Go!

ROBERT TREAT

This is our land. We have the order of the Governor Carteret for it.

INDIAN

No English buy our land. You English—go.

SAMUEL SWAIN

Show him your letter from Governor Carteret,
Captain Treat. He will see that we have a
right.

ROBERT TREAT

He would not understand.

MICAH TOMPKINS

Bring out the letter that shows our right. We
will make him understand.

ROBERT TREAT

No, Micah Tompkins, we must begin friends with
these Indians. Besides I have not the Gover-
nor's letter by me.

[Treat steps forward toward the Indian.]

Do you claim that no Englishman has paid you
for this land?

THE INDIAN

No English pay. Our Sagamore Oraton very old.
This his land—Hackensack land.

MICAH TOMPKINS

What does he mean by that?

ROBERT TREAT

He means the old Hackensack Sagamore Oraton
has not sold. We must see him.

SAMUEL SWAIN

We must settle this with Governor Carteret.

MICAH TOMPKINS

Let us return to Elizabethtown and tell this
Governor he has deceived us. He is a King's
man and a Lord's man and will not deal fairly
with us who are true Christian folk.

ROBERT TREAT

Wait. I am loath to give up this plantation after we have given ourselves such pains to set out for it. Let men be sent directly to let Governor Carteret know of this.

[Two men leave the group and go off down the shore.]

Samuel Swain, I leave you in charge of our boats and our people. Let our goods be laden again. I will go to this Sagamore Oraton.

[The Indian group again moves forward, more threateningly.]

THE INDIAN

You English—Go.

ROBERT TREAT

Micah Tompkins, come with me.

[The two step forward to the Indian.]

We go with you to your Sagamore Oraton.

[The Indian hesitates. Treat and Tompkins lay down their guns on the ground and hold out their empty hands. The Indian still hesitates and point to the goods on the shore.]

ROBERT TREAT

Our goods must be set back on the ship, friends.

[The settlers start to re-load the goods. Treat and Micah Tompkins join the Indian group.]

ROBERT TREAT

Go with us to your Sagamore.

[The Indian turns and leads the way, Treat and Tompkins following. The settlers busy themselves returning the packs and bundles to the ship. Enter Samuel Edsal and John Capteen, the Dutch interpreter.]

EDSAL

Is this Captain Robert Treat's ship?

SAMUEL SWAIN

We are of his command, folk of Milford and New Haven.

EDSAL

My name is Samuel Edsal. This is Capteen. I come by order of the Governor to help you if need be in matters dealing with the Indians.

SAMUEL SWAIN

You come too late, Mr. Edsal. Captain Treat has just gone with the Indians to find their chief.

EDSAL

They have warned you off?

SAMUEL SWAIN

Yes, though we had been guaranteed free possession of this land by Governor Carteret.

EDSAL

Where did Captain Treat go?

SAMUEL SWAIN

Up that trail to find Oraton.

EDSAL

Oraton is very old. He will not come here for council. Perro is the chief with whom we must deal.

SAMUEL SWAIN

I am not so sure our people will deal for this land. The Governor has deceived us.

EDSAL

I cannot believe that is true. You may be upon land which Governor Nichols had purchased from the tribes.

SAMUEL SWAIN

Then is our satisfaction with it even less. What do you advise, Mr. Edsal?

EDSAL

I advise that you buy the land of the tribes and let us take for them a bill of sale. They will not afterward gainsay it if this be done.

[Re-enter Treat and Micah Tompkins, led by three Indians.]

SAMUEL SWAIN

What word from their chiefs, Captain?

ROBERT TREAT

They will come here for council.

SAMUEL SWAIN

Captain Treat, these men are Mr. Edsal, and Capteen, the Governor's interpreters. They will bargain for us in the Indian tongue.

[Edsal presents a document which Treat examines.]

[Enter a large group of Indians, Perro leading.]

ROBERT TREAT

You are most welcome, Mr. Edsal. The chiefs are coming.

[Edsal and Capteen come forward and shake hands with Perro. The Indians seat themselves in a great circle.]

EDSAL

[To Treat]

Do you make a bill of sale, Captain, in this form, while we determine with them what their price shall be.

[The pen, ink-horn and papers are brought to Treat, who sits writing as Edsal and Perro speak.]

PERRO

(To Edsal.)

Our high Sagamore Oraton, Chief of the Hackensack, is very old. He cannot come to your council. I am Perro. You know me to be Perro. I speak for him. You know what I say will be true talk.

EDSAL

We talk with you, Perro, as we would to the old Sagamore. We speak to you true talk. You know us, Capteen and Edsal. We speak for this Captain Treat and his people. We wish from you land for his people. The Governor Carteret has told him the land shall be his.

PERRERO

The land has not been bought from us. It is our land. The Governor of the English cannot give our land. Only we can sell it. Because our women are hungry after the long white winter and we are poor and the white man has plenty, we will sell our land.

EDSAL

[Turning to Treat.]

Write down the land you want. It has not been purchased before. They will sell. We will now find out the price.

PERRERO

We have need for powder and lead, for axes, for guns, for knives; we have need for blankets and warm coats, and for the white man's drink that warms the heart; we have need for wampum that our chiefs may be great chiefs in their villages. Give us what we wish of these things and we will give you the land forever.

MICAH TOMPKINS

Do not write it so, Captain. They will take everything we have, and what use have we for the Governor's permission, to be robbed in this manner?

ROBERT TREAT

[Rising.]

Stay, Micah Tompkins. You would not build our town upon a place not honestly bought from them that own it. This were surely an ungodly work.

MICAH TOMPKINS

You are right, Captain. Our house must not be builded upon sands.

ROBERT TREAT

[To Edsal.]

Make with them what price you are accustomed to give and they to receive. Tell us what it shall be and we will then decide whether we will remain here or go back.

[Edsal turns to Perro. Enter, right, the messenger who went for the governor, accompanied by Governor Carteret and members of his household. Treat and Swain greet the Governor and he takes a place in the council circle to the right of Treat].



ROBERT TREAT

Your Excellency, we have not found this land free for our possession as we hoped. These Indians claim of us a price for it and do not recognize your grant.

GOVERNOR CARTERET

I regret that this should be so, Captain Treat. I have been troubled for your sake and for the sake of your people in this matter. Tell me, did you present to the Indians the letter I gave you as bearing my authority?

ROBERT TREAT

I did not, Your Excellency. I had not the letter by me.

GOVERNOR CARTERET

I am sorry, sir, though I am nor sure they would have let you come on my word alone. Matters between us and the Indians have changed since last winter.

ROBERT TREAT

And now, sir, what would you have us do?

GOVERNOR CARTERET

I would have you on no account abandon your plan to settle here.

ROBERT TREAT

Then, your Excellency, in accordance with our agreements that we should have free possession of this soil, we can only solicit you to pay what the Indians demand for it.

GOVERNOR CARTERET

You bargain too closely, Captain Treat. Possession you shall have, and liberties according to the concessions of the Lord's Proprietors. If you have immediate need of goods to make this purchase of the Indians I will furnish them, but you must reimburse me for them.

ROBERT TREAT

We have some goods with us, your Excellency. If we cannot make the purchase with what means we have, we will return to our former homes.

SAMUEL EDSAL

Here, Captain Treat, is a bill of sale naming the price for this tract. Pay this, and you will have clear possession from the Weequahic Creek to the head of the Cove, and from thence westward to the foot of the mountain called by the Indians Watchung. We can make no better bargain for you.

ROBERT TREAT

[Turning to the Governor, bill of sale in hand.]

This is a considerable price, your Excellency, and one we had not expected to pay. But we will pay it none the less since we have come to establish a free town in the sight of God and we would not wrong any man in the making thereof. And when we have paid this, your Excellency, the land is ours and we may make upon it freely, our own ordinances—

GOVERNOR CARTERET

Even so, Captain Treat, you have all the freedoms guaranteed by the Concessions.

ROBERT TREAT

To ordain our affairs in our own way so long as it be a Godly and Christian way.

GOVERNOR CARTERET

In all things you are free, but you shall appoint from your number representatives to my Assembly, and you shall not forget the one tax—the tax of the Lord's halfpenny upon each acre.

ROBERT TREAT

We like not the Lord's halfpenny, your Excellency,
since thereby we pay twice for the one ownership,
ship, but we will pay.

GOVERNOR CARTERET

You set forth in good hope, my friends. May
prosperity attend you! I leave you to complete
your bargain. Farewell, Captain Treat.

TREAT AND OTHERS

Farewell, Your Excellency.

[Governor Carteret and his household return the way
they came.]

ROBERT TREAT

Mr. Edsal, we will pay the price and take the tract
as you have here written it. Let the chiefs
set their hands to the paper. Micah Tompkins,
Mr. Swain, see that these payments be made to
Perro and his people.

[He shows the bill of sale to Tompkins and Swain who
return to the group at the landing. Treat, Edsal and
the Indians sign the paper, while Tompkins and Swain
hand out to the Indians the goods mentioned as the
price for the tract. Upon receiving payment, the Indians
carry off their goods, and the settlers unload the ship,
set up shelters and begin the building of houses. During
this interlude, the hunters return with game, fishermen
with fish, and an oxcart loaded with hay comes up from
the marshes. The ship returns with the settlers from
Branford, led by Jasper Crane. At the sound of the
ship's bell, Treat, Swain, Tompkins and others come down
to the landing to greet the new arrivals. Behind the men
of the village come the women and children, rather
shyly. There is a general greeting as the Branford
people come off the ship and are shown about the site
of the new town. As the ship moves back from the
landing Treat sends Joseph Johnson, the drummer, to call
the town together. The boy drums solemnly from one
end of the stage to the other, while the women greet
their old neighbors and the men gather near the center
for the first town meeting, which Robert Treat calls to
order. Pastor Pierson now enters, and the meeting
waits for him to take his place. The men bow their
heads while Pastor Pierson raises his in silent invocation.
Pastor Pierson now opens his Bible and reads the four
texts.]

PASTOR PIERSON

Take you wise men and understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you.

Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose; one from among thy brethren shalt thou set King over thee: thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which is not thy brother.

And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them. Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them to be rulers of thousands and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.

JASPER CRANE

Our friends, be it known to you that the men of Branford have set their names to two fundamental agreements and these four texts from the Word of God we have written at their head. And these be our agreements: First, that none shall be admitted free men or free burgesses within our town upon Passaick River in the Province of New Jersey, but such planters as are members of some or other of the Congregational Churches; nor shall any but such church members have any vote in any such elections. Second, we shall with care and diligence provide for the maintenance of the purity of religion professed in the Congregational Churches. Do you men from Milford and New Haven agree to these fundamentals? If you do, we will gladly join with you.

ROBERT TREAT

Aye, we do.

MICAH TOMPKINS

And we will set our hands to 'em.

[General chorus of assent from the Milford settlers.]

ROBERT TREAT

We too, have written down certain matters touching this fundamental agreement. Thus it is agreed that in case any shall come into us or arise amongst us that shall disturb us in our peace and settlements, especially that would subvert us from the true religion of God, and cannot keep their opinions to themselves or cannot be reclaimed, after due time, it is unanimously agreed that all such persons so ill-disposed shall, after due notice given them from the Town—

MICAH TOMPKINS

[Interrupting.]

Aye, them that be heretics and mischief makers, let them have it soundly.

ROBERT TREAT

[Continuing.]

Shall, after due notice given them from the Town, quietly depart the place seasonably, the Town allowing them such moneys for their lands or homes as indifferent men shall price them.

[Micah Tompkins retires in disgust.]

JASPER CRANE

This is a wise provision. Let it be written with our fundamental agreements.

ROBERT TREAT

And further, it is solemnly consented to by all the planters of the town that they will submit one to another to be led, ruled and governed by such magistrates as shall annually be chosen among themselves.

[There is a chorus of assent].

JASPER CRANE

So be it, and further be it agreed that Captain Robert Treat shall be our first magistrate and head of this town, here to be elected.

THE SETTLERS

Aye, Captain Treat.

[Pastor Pierson steps forward, facing Treat.]

PASTOR PIERSON

My friend, you have heard the will of this meeting.

You have striven well that our plantation may be founded prosperously in the sight of God. You have led our people wisely from the beginning, for the speedier and better execution of the things then emergent to be done. In this duty which your friends and brothers lay upon you, God be with you.

ROBERT TREAT

My friends, I thank you. I am yours to command. And now be it known to you that we have laid out a plan for our town.

[He unrolls a plat of the settlement.]

A plan with broad streets such as will be ample through many coming years. We have marked and numbered on this plan the home lots, and now that you are all come hither let us draw by chance for the choice of these home lots.

JASPER CRANE

Aye, that were a good way.

ROBERT KITCHELL

I move you, Mr. Moderator, that there be more than one drawing, since the folk of Guilford and Milford and Branford and New Haven will each wish to keep among their ancient neighbors. Let each draw in one-quarter of the new town.

[A chorus of assent.]

ROBERT TREAT

It is so agreed. Let the numbers be made ready.

JASPER CRANE

[Looking at the plat.]

What does it mean, Captain Treat, that you write
“Milford” below your map?

ROBERT TREAT

Only that we old friends and neighbors, loving our home town, have been wont to call this “Milford,” but now that you and the men of Branford have come, it were best to change this name. Shall I write instead, “Branford?”

PASTOR PIERSON

Nay, Captain Treat. You speak of your old home town and it means to every man a different word—to every man, a word close to the heart. You write “Milford” or “Branford” and it does not touch us all.

JASPER CRANE

“Branford” does not touch us, Mr. Pierson?

PASTOR PIERSON

[Smiling.]

I am an old man and my roots run farther back. I mind me of a town in England, on Trent, where the light of Christ came into my soul and I was ordained to God’s ministry. That was Newarktown-on-Trent, in England.

[There is a moment’s silence. Treat scratches out the name on the map and writes another.]

MICAH TOMPKINS

[Breaking out fervently.]

Friends, let us call our town by the name of the one in the Pastor’s heart—Newark.

[A deep chorus of ayes from the meeting.]

ROBERT TREAT

[Looking up.]

I have already written it so.

SAMUEL SWAIN

We have prepared the numbers for the drawing of the home lots.

[The numbers, in a large copper vessel, are placed before Treat.]

MATTHEW CAMFIELD

One moment, Mr. Moderator. Your map of our town allows to each man a home lot of six acres. We men of Milford do stand aside from the drawing until Captain Robert Treat chooses his home lot and we do desire that he have eight acres to his home lot.

[A murmur of assent from the men of Milford. Pastor Pierson steps forward and, laying his hands upon the copper vessel, looks upward in prayer, while the others bow their heads. He takes away his hands and speaks to them.]

PASTOR PIERSON

This is a solemn thing, the choosing where you and your loved ones shall live, and so it is well that we submit it to the Lord for His guidance. Captain Treat, make your choice of your home lot and then let the others of Milford draw the numbers that they may choose in that quarter of the town where you dwell. And may God direct you all for the good and harmony of our plantation.

[The Milford men file past the copper vessel, drawing out the paper lots, and then solemnly refer to the map to find out where they may lie. When this has been done Jasper Crane speaks.]

JASPER CRANE

Mr. Moderator, I move you that we set ourselves at once to the building of our meeting-house—that it be strong and of becoming nature, suited to the dignity of the town and to be a church for God's worship.

[The meeting assents.]

ROBERT TREAT

It is so ordered and agreed, and for the better carrying of it to an end I will make choice of five men who shall have right and authority to call you all to lend your best help, upon any seasonable warning, to this work.

[Pastor Pierson steps forward, invokes a blessing, and the meeting is dispersed.]

[A Committee from Newark now goes to meet the Committee from Elizabethtown in order to establish a boundary. The Newark men are Jasper Crane, Robert Treat, Matthew Camfield, Samuel Swain, and Thomas Johnson. The men from Elizabethtown are John Ogden, Luke Watson, Robert Bond, and Jeffry Jones. The Committees greet each other.]

ROBERT TREAT

And so we are met, friends from Elizabethtown, to determine the boundary between our settlements.

JOHN OGDEN

Aye, Captain Treat. And may God direct us aright in this solemn work.

ROBERT TREAT

That there may be good agreement between us, let us pray.

[He removes his hat, prays for a moment and the others bow their heads. As he concludes his prayer all say "Amen."]

JOHN OGDEN

And now, my friends, it is the belief of the men of Elizabethtown that the boundary between our settlements runs from this point northwestward to the break in the mountain, and that this was so established when you purchased the land from the Indians.

SAMUEL SWAIN

You are wrong, sir. Our boundary runs westward from this spot.

JOHN OGDEN

We think otherwise, Lieutenant Swain.

SAMUEL SWAIN

If you had your way, sir, you would take from us a great triangle of land that is ours. We would not be contented thus and we will not allow—

ROBERT TREAT

[Interrupting.]

One moment, Samuel Swain. We have prayed for a peaceful decision in this matter. Let us speak no word that has not peace in it.

JOHN OGDEN

There is another parcel of land in the salt meadows from Snake Hill to Barbadoes Neck on which we have a claim. These meadows are nearer to you than to us. What if we give up the meadows?

SAMUEL SWAIN

And take in their stead this triangle?

JOHN OGDEN

Aye.

JASPER CRANE

That were better for Newark. Let it be so agreed.

[The Newark men assent.]

ROBERT TREAT

Be it so set down. And now do you cut on the southward side of yonder tree a letter E and we will cut an N on the northward. So shall the tree stand between our settlements and give us in its shade, peace and concord hereafter.

[Both groups assent.]

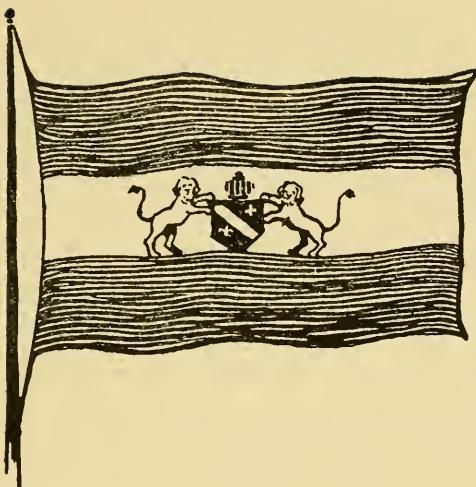
JOHN OGDEN

We thank Thee, O God, for this our loving agreement with our neighbors and for the peace that is ours under the shadow of They hand. Amen.

JASPER CRANE

Amen. And I do believe, my friends, that if the people of our two towns do ever come to differ about this line so lovingly laid down, they will in their disunion, cease to prosper.

[The men now proceed to the marking of the tree and as they do so the setting of the first church is completed.



The affairs of the daily life in the settlement go on. Robert Treat goes down to the boat landing, and is rowed away, a dozen of the principal characters waving him their farewells. A messenger comes running in, shouting. Jasper Crane interrogates him.]

JASPER CRANE

What do you mean, sir, by all this shouting and disorder?

THE MESSENGER

Have you not heard the news, sir? The Dutch have landed in New York. They have taken the town and laid claim to all these provinces.

JASPER CRANE

And where is Governor Lovelace?

THE MESSENGER

I know not. Some say he was in Connecticut when they landed.

JASPER CRANE

You say they will claim these provinces?

THE MESSENGER

Aye, it is said they would not have dared to land
but a Jersey man told them New York had no
defence.

JASPER CRANE

A Jersey man?

THE MESSENGER

Aye, one Hopkins.

JASPER CRANE

One who loves not the Lords Proprietors.

MICAH TOMPKINS

A man may well stand clear of the Lord's hand,
yet not give over our settlements to foreigners.

JASPER CRANE

God's will be done. We are likely to get fair
treatment and justice from the Dutch.

[A drum is heard and two Dutch officers with a small
company of troops enter. One officer—Captain Kuyf—
steps forward and addresses the people.]

CAPTAIN KUYF

Men of New Jersey: Be it known to you that we
come in the name of Governor Colve, and of
the States-General of Holland, that we have
taken this province into our possession since
by all right it belonged to us, and we now re-
quire of you that you take oath of allegiance to
our government and to the States-General.

JASPER CRANE

Our respectful greetings to you. We do not resist
what you require but we do ask of you, before
we take this oath, what would you have of us?

CAPTAIN KUYF

Do you speak as a magistrate or sheppen of this
town?

JASPER CRANE

Aye, and these two men with me.

[Robert Bond and John Ward step forward beside Crane.]

ROBERT BOND

Before we take oath we must know that you will never require of us that we bear arms against England.

CAPTAIN KUYF

The Governor will not require it.

JOHN WARD

Let that too be spoken in the oath.

CAPTAIN KUYF

I agree.

JASPER CRANE

And what of the form of religion under your government, if we take this oath?

CAPTAIN KUYF

It is ordained by the Governor that the sheriff and magistrates shall take care that the reformed Christian religion be maintained in conformity with the Synod of Dordrecht.

JASPER CRANE

But if we do not know the precise form decreed by the Synod of Dodrecht?

CAPTAIN KUYF

Then you shall maintain your church to the best of your ability and knowledge.

JASPER CRANE

If these things be agreed we will take the oath.

CAPTAIN KUYF

Do you swear in the presence of the Almighty God that you shall be true and faithful to the

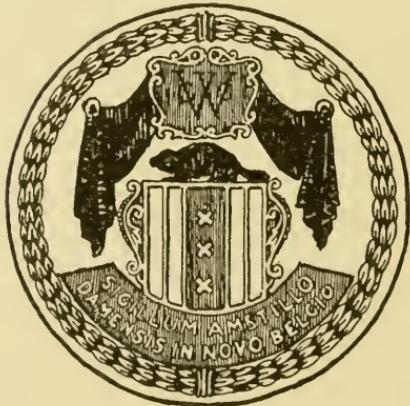
High and Mighty Lords, the States-General of the United Belgic Provinces and to his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange, and upon all occasions behave yourselves as true and faithful subjects in conscience well bound to do, provided that you shall not be forced in arms against your own nation?

THE MEN OF NEWARK

Aye, we agree.

CAPTAIN KUYF

And I do confirm the appointment among you of your sheppens or magistrates. Sirs, we salute you.



[The three magistrates bow to the Dutch officers, who take their troops and withdraw. Beside the houses little groups of the women gather to work at their spinning, churning, weaving cloth and grass from the marshes. At the water-side the screens of foliage are cleared away from the two pylons and they appear as belfries or watch-towers. From these belfries Dutch flags are hung. A trumpet is heard off-stage at the left, the flags are changed, and Governor Carteret and a considerable following of people enter. This procession passes across the stage, the people of the village cheering the Governor. The flags in the watch-tower are now replaced by English flags and with them, the house-flags of Berkeley and Carteret. As Governor Carteret comes to the center of the stage by the church, he pauses. The people of the village gather around and his secretary reads an announcement.]

THE SECRETARY

Hear ye, all, folk of this town of Newark, people of the province of New Jersey: Be it known to you that His Gracious Majesty King Charles, by the Grace of God, has agreed at Westminster, in this year of our Lord 1674, to a peace with their Mightiness, the States-General of Holland; by the terms of the treaty this province is returned to the hands of His Gracious Majesty, Charles the Second.

[There is a great cheer from the people of Newark, a waving of kerchiefs and some few run off to spread the good news. The Governor raises his hands for silence and continues.]

GOVERNOR CARTERET

And further, my good people of Newark, there has come to my hand a certain declaration of the truth and meaning of the Lord Proprietor and an explanation of the Concession made to you. This declaration will be transmitted to you in due form. There has been disorder in this colony and this disorder must henceforth cease. By this new declaration you shall find changed certain matters; you shall find required of you the quit-rents, the Lord's half penny upon every acre, without pardon or ex-

ception. And further, you shall find that warrants for all your lands must be issued under my hand by the Surveyor-General of this province.

JASPER CRANE

Your Excellency, we have not yet seen this new declaration, but we like not the sound of it.

JOHN WARD

If it be to change the fundamental agreement of the Concessions we warn you. Your Excellency——

GOVERNOR CARTERET

(Interrupting)

Men of Newark, I advise that you withhold your warning. You are stubborn of will and it may be you will find, ere long, a heavier hand than mine upon you. The new declaration will be transmitted to your magistrate. I am sirs, your very obedient servant.

[The Governor bows, turns away, gives an order, and he and his following move off. As they leave, the Secretary hands to Jasper Crane a sealed copy of the new declaration from the proprietors. This paper is viewed with grave dissatisfaction by Crane, Ward, Bond, and other of the leading citizens. While they are reading it a group of Indians appears. They stand looking over the town stolidly and presently move across and off at the right. The settlers look upon the Indians suspiciously and some few go to their houses and return armed with muskets, while a number of men proceed to the work of setting up the flankers at the corners of the church. During this action the schoolmaster appears, shepherding before him a group of children. They come on from the left of the stage, cross up center and go behind the church. When this has been done the drum is beaten for a town meeting and the men gather soberly before the church. When they have come together several officers land from a boat and go up to the town meeting, where one of them posts a proclamation on the front of the church, while the other reads from it the claim of Governor Andros.]

THE OFFICER

Sir Edmund Andros, Knight and Governor-General, under His Royal Highness, James Duke of York; Whereas, upon information of the actings of Phillip Carteret, assuming jurisdiction without legal authority, to the disturbance of his Majesty's subjects, has sent us to forwarn the said Phillip Carteret from his illegally acting as Governor of this province and to order all persons forthwith to submit as they ought to His Royal Highness here established and to those who govern in his name. Given under my hand and seal in this Province of New York, on the 13th day of March Anno Domini 1679. Signed, Andros.

JOHN WARD
[To the Officer.]

Do you, sir, now claim that this settlement is a part of the province of New York?

THE OFFICER

I do.

JOHN WARD

And that we be subject, not to the Governor Carteret, as heretofore, but to the Governor Andros?

THE OFFICER

Yes.

ROBERT BOND

I know not the purpose of this, but do believe it to be a high-handed tyranny and one not to be endured.

THE OFFICER

I warn you that these words are near to mutiny and treason.

JASPER CRANE

Let us do nothing in haste. None the less, we have received this plantation under the concessions of the Lord's Proprietors. We have heard

from Governor Carteret that these concessions have been abridged in his new declaration. We hear now that they have been abrogated. You will take back to Governor Andros such word as this town, being met together, may send?

THE OFFICER

I will.

JASPER CRANE

Then, my friends, the town being met together give their positive answer to the Governor of York's writ, that they have taken their oath of allegiance and fidelity to the King and the present Governor.

THE MEN OF NEWARK

Aye, we have so.

JASPER CRANE

And until we have sufficient order from His Majesty, we will stand by the same.

THE MEN OF NEWARK

Aye, so we will. Let that be our answer.

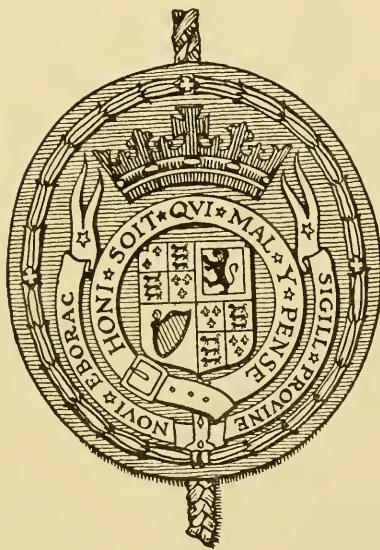
[The officer turns on his heel and goes back to his boat.]

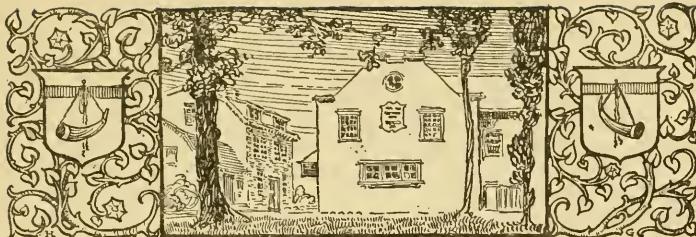
JASPER CRANE

Now let each man of us pray to God that the peace of this province may be not broken by these quarrels and that those liberties which have been warranted to us be not destroyed, for since we came here with only fairness and harmony in our hearts, many things have befallen, and I see before us dangers and dissensions the like of which we have not known. May the peace of God be with us.

[The meeting breaks up, a number of the men going into the church. Immediately others, including women and children, enter from various parts of the stage and

proceed toward the church until practically all the settlers have entered, except four who stand guard with their muskets at the corners. The door is closed and the stage gradually grows dark. Then the lights within the church are lighted and the scene changes to disclose the congregation inside, singing. Then the lights fade and the entire scene sinks to darkness.]





SECOND MOVEMENT

THE DRUMMER

[Appears in the belfry of the south pylon, beating his drum.]

Oyez, Oyez, folk of this town, Oyez!
Behold, I beat for you the years away,
Drum out the rhythmic seasons, make the Spring
Dance and the Summer sing, the Autumn blaze,
The Winter whiten drift on drift, and thaw
Again into the flowery drifts of May.
Three score and seven years I beat, and these
The founders and the fathers of the town,
The stern and solemn pioneers, descend
To honored rest, and them I wake no more.
But through these years a fire hath smouldered
deep
Amid the toils and prayers—a fire of wrong:
And now . . .
With violent breath to cry injustices
It flames aloft. And Learning, sedulous
Of quiet days, shrinks from the storm, but leaves
In the high heart of youth the battle cry,
And freedom's trumpets with the bells of faith
Chiming together. “Times that try men’s souls”
Are these, and brands upon the gale of war
Blow round our spires, and thunders of close battles
Nearer and nearer strike upon our ears.
Awake, ye drums! Listen, all ye who dream,
For here I rouse from the dark sleep of time

The vision of that mighty discontent
As here it burned, that lashed the land to flame.

[The roll of the drums sounds again, diminishes, and the Drummer disappears.]

[The stage is now set with a tavern at the right and at the left a courthouse, with the doorway of the jail just above the courthouse set. At the center, the stage is open so that the view to the woods is unimpeded. At the beginning of the second movement the lights are low and dim, except those which show in the window of the tavern at the right. The movement begins with a hurried crossing from left to right of a man with a lantern, who knocks excitedly upon the door of the tavern. The door opens and the figures of men within are seen silhouetted against the light.]

ELIHU WARD

[Knocking at the tavern door.]

Hello within there! Men of Essex!

AMOS ROBERTS

[Speaking from the doorway.]

What's the alarm, comrade?

ELIHU WARD

Call out your associators. The Sheriff has arrested
Robert Young and Thomas Sargent and Mr.
Baldwin!

AMOS ROBERTS

Mr. Baldwin?

ELIHU WARD

Yes, Nehemiah Baldwin. He is bringing them to
jail now.

AMOS ROBERTS

But Mr. Baldwin is a peaceable man.

ELIHU WARD

They took him as he was out collecting the rate
to pay the pastor.

AMOS ROBERTS

We will take him away from the Sheriff! Get a horse and call our friends from the mountain.

[The man with the lantern runs off behind the tavern and is presently seen riding away. The men from the tavern, some with lanterns, move across toward the jail, as the Sheriff, accompanied by six constables, brings in his prisoners; the men from the tavern bar his way.]

AMOS ROBERTS

Mr. Sheriff, on what charge are you taking these men?

THE SHERIFF

On a charge of riot and insurrection.

AMOS ROBERTS

Do you mean to accuse Nehemiah Baldwin of being a rioter?

THE SHERIFF

Stand out of my way, sir!

AMOS ROBERTS

I wait to be answered.

THE SHERIFF

You are obstructing me in my duties. You know the penalty.

NEHEMIAH BALDWIN

I pray you, my friends, let there be no violence. I will get bail and submit myself to proper trial.

AMOS ROBERTS

You will not need to get bail, sir. The people of East Jersey will take you out of his hands.

THE SHERIFF

I warn you that your threatening language may be used against you.

AMOS ROBERTS

I warn you that our people are losing patience.

[Shouts are heard off-stage.]

You hear our friends coming.

THE SHERIFF

[Cocking his pistol.]

Stand aside!

AMOS ROBERTS

We let you pass, Mr. Sheriff, but look to your prisoners tonight.

[The Sheriff goes on with his prisoners and constables to the jail. The mob gathers round the leader, moving back toward the tavern; Roberts mounts the horse-block and addresses them.]

AMOS ROBERTS

Men of Essex, Associators of East Jersey, the time has come tonight for a determined stroke. Three of our fellows, Nehemiah Baldwin among them, are in that jail charged with riot and insurrection. We have no wish for riot. We are peaceful men, but we have been driven too far by the Lords Proprietors and the Governor's Council of Tyranny. You know whence all this trouble springs. You know that two men, rich and understanding men, oppressors by nature, Morris and Alexander, have claimed the lands our fathers bought fairly of the Indians. They have set up again the grasping claim of the Lord's quit-rent, the ha'penny tax our fathers hated. They have ejected our people from their homes. I have said they are rich men and understanding. The one is a lawyer, the other a governor's son and a chief justice.

[Repeating with great scorn.]

A chief justice! My friends, we have suffered enough. Tonight let us break down the jail doors and set our comrades free. Are you with us, men of the Essex Society?

[There is a shout of approval.]

Those who are on my list, follow me.

[The crowd around the speaker has been growing rapidly. They now go in a body toward the jail, meeting the Sheriff with his six deputies and Nehemiah Baldwin in custody.]

AMOS ROBERTS

Now Mr. Sheriff, you will take your orders from us. We are the Governor. Release that man!

THE SHERIFF

I am taking this man to a judge that he may secure bail and be released by due process of law.

AMOS ROBERTS

We will not wait for that.

[Impatient shouts from the mob.]

NEHEMIAH BALDWIN

My friends, I beg you let this go no farther. I have done no wrong and am willing to submit. Let me be taken to the judge.

THE MOB

No! No!

THE SHERIFF

I warn you that I have called together a company of the militia who will defend the exercise of my duties.

[The crowd surges forward.]

AMOS ROBERTS

Forward, and free that man!

[There is a great shout and the mob presses upon the Sheriff and his constables, who are driven back to the door of the jail. The mob takes Nehemiah Baldwin away from the Sheriff and releases him. Two of the constables retreat behind the courthouse and immediately return bringing in the militia, who form in line before the jail. The mob is now increased to an overwhelming number who fall back before the line of soldiers.]

THE SHERIFF

For the last time I warn you, men of Essex, we will fire if you do not immediately disperse!

AMOS ROBERTS

These men know what we are fighting for. Order them to fire if you dare!

THE SHERIFF

I order you to disperse! You are incurring treason.

AMOS ROBERTS

We have heard enough. Send away your soldiers and open that door, or we will kill every man that resists us!

[There is another wild shout and shots are fired from the mob. The Sheriff is seen to raise his arm as if giving an order and the militia men fire their muskets, most of them openly shooting in the air. There is a quick, sharp struggle at the doorway, the soldiers are swept away, the jail doors are driven in and the prisoners rush out, cheered by the mob, which now sweeps back across the stage toward the tavern. Roberts again mounts the horse-block, one of his men holding up a lantern beside him so that his face is clearly visible.]

AMOS ROBERTS

Your work is done.

[To the man beside him.]

Put out that light.

[The lantern is extinguished.]

In order, to your homes.

[Instantly the uproar ceases and the mob melts swiftly away. The light in the tavern window goes out, and the stage is gradually illuminated as though by the rising of another day. The Reverend Aaron Burr, comes out of the courthouse and pauses for a moment, speaking with his pupils, who gather before him and listen attentively. While this is going on, eight students carrying their books and other belongings enter from the right, as if from Elizabethtown. They approach Mr. Burr, bowing and removing their hats.]

MR. BURR

Good morning to you, my friends.

THE EIGHT STUDENTS

Good morning to you, sir.

RICHARD STOCKTON

[The leader of the eight students.]

Mr. Burr, we were the pupils of Mr. Dickinson at Elizabethtown. Our college has been cut off by the death of our President, whom we deeply mourn. We have now been sent to you, sir, to continue our studies.

MR. BURR

And what is the purpose of your studies, my friends?

RICHARD STOCKTON

Most of us intend for the ministry, if we be found worthy, but one or two have in mind the law.

MR. BURR

I welcome you eight strong and godly young men, pupils of a beloved friend whom I have lost. I would that I might take you into a more peaceful and secluded place for your studies. We welcome you.

[Enter four gentlemen, trustees of the College of New Jersey.]

EBENEZER PEMBERTON

[The first Trustee.]

We have good news for you, President Burr.

MR. BURR

Do you mean the charter?

MR. PEMBERTON

The charter has been granted and Governor Belcher is bringing it to us.

MR. BURR

Do you know anything of its terms?

MR. PEMBERTON

We are assured that it is a charter with full and ample privileges, as you would desire to have it.

[One of the other Trustees touches the speaker on the shoulder, calling his attention to the approach of the Governor. Enter Governor Belcher accompanied by several gentlemen.]

MR. PEMBERTON

Gentlemen, Governor Belcher.

[Mr. Burr and the four Trustees bow formally to the Governor and the students remove their hats.]

GOVERNOR BELCHER

President Burr, and you, friends, Trustees of our College of New Jersey, I have just received from His Majesty the charter for our foundation.

MR. PEMBERTON

We can hardly thank Your Excellency enough for the advice and encouragement you have given us.

GOVERNOR BELCHER

I can hardly tell you how important a step this seems to me. I deplore those religious errors which I fear are gaining ground in certain of the colleges of New England, errors destructive of the doctrines of free grace. And this new enterprise, this embryo college of ours, seems to me a noble design and destined, if God please, to prove an extensive blessing. I have adopted it as a daughter and hope it may become an alma mater for this and the neighboring provinces.

MR. BURR

We are most grateful for the help Your Excellency has given us and for your labors in behalf of our College Charter. Some of these young men have already completed their studies. The charter will now permit us to grant them their degrees.

GOVERNOR BELCHER

I am delighted to know that you have progressed so well while awaiting this document. Let us convoke our college and hold our first commencement tomorrow.

[The Trustees nod and speak together for a moment.]

MR. PEMBERTON

Your Excellency, we agree most heartily, and further, on behalf of the Trustees, we invite Your Excellency to accept from the College of New Jersey, the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

GOVERNOR BELCHER

Gentlemen, your servant. My gown shall be dusted. I will present your charter in person at our first commencement.

MR. BURR

[Coming forward.]

Your Excellency, and my friends, I can speak but little about the happiness you raise among us. I believe with you most deeply that this is a high and auspicious day. We have come thus far through struggles and misfortunes, and even here we proceed amid uncivil disorders not conducive to godliness and scholarship, but these things will pass, and in some quiet seat our college will grow to greatness in the service of this Province. Your Excellency, gentlemen, shall we confer about the manner of our first commencement?

[Governor Belcher bows and goes off with Mr. Burr,
followed by the Trustees and others, the students opening
the way for them to pass.]



[A group of gentlemen come out before the tavern discussing their plans for a reception to Colonel Peter Schuyler.]

CAPTAIN WHEELER

We are determined that Colonel Schuyler shall be welcomed back to Newark with the highest honors.

COLONIAL JOSIAH OGDEN

Aye, for there is no man that deserves more of the town.

JAMES BANK

Of the whole province, I should say.

CAPTAIN WHEELER

Have you arranged for the salute to be fired when he leaves the ferry?

COLONEL JOSIAH OGDEN

Aye, the guns are all ready.

CAPTAIN WHEELER

And all the men who have served with him in the Jersey Blues are assembled?

COLONEL JOSIAH OGDEN

There's not a man of them would miss this occasion. But not many of them could we find—a few of the lads who marched out with him in '46 and a few that were exchanged from Oswego.

JAMES BANKS

Not many in all, but they'll sing. Egad, sir, you shall hear them if it's only a dozen.

[A man comes riding in and draws up before the group.]

THE HORSEMAN

He is coming, gentlemen. Colonel Schuyler is coming. He's at the ferry now.

CAPTAIN WHEELER

To work then, gentlemen.

[As he speaks the salute of thirteen guns begins off-stage. The men of the group in great haste and excitement arrange for Colonel Schuyler's reception.]

JAMES BANKS

[Calling through the doorway of the tavern.]

Ho there! Bring out the torches.

COLONIAL JOSIAH OGDEN

[To the man on horseback.]

Ride down and tell the Blues.

[The man on horseback turns and rides off.]

JAMES BANKS

[Sending other messengers.]

To the parsonage, you, and tell the ladies to bring their garlands.

[He goes into the tavern.]

CAPTAIN WHEELER

Light the bonfires, lads.

[Speaking through the doorway.]

Landlord, they are coming.

[A number of men come out of the inn lighting torches and taking their stands at various points along the stage to the right. Bonfires are lighted and torches gleam among the trees. A drum is heard and a company of Jersey Blues enters. Enter Colonel Peter Schuyler on horseback, followed by a cheering crowd. As he arrives at the center of the stage the Blues salute and the ladies wave their handkerchiefs. Colonel Ogden steps forward to make the address of welcome.]

COLONEL OGDEN

Colonel Schuyler, I cannot hope to express the joy of your friends on your return and the love and esteem in which we hold you. Since the establishment of this Province no man has served it more bravely, more devotedly. Your

spirit of heroism has animated, through all the varying fortunes of war, the brave men of the Jersey Blues. (Cheers.) You have led them in difficult times when their services have been little appreciated by a remote and indifferent government. You have comforted them in adversity, and in the dark hour of their captivity, when you could have enjoyed your freedom, you have returned to share their distress, and given out of your own private means to relieve their sufferings. In you, sir, this city and this Province greet our most honored citizen.

[There are cheers from the crowd and the tapster passes out glasses to the group of gentlemen around Colonel Schuyler.]

COLONEL SCHUYLER
[Raising his glass.]

Gentlemen, the King.

THE GROUP
[Drinking the toast.]

The King.

CAPTAIN WHEELER

And now gentlemen, to the Honorable Peter Schuyler.

THE GROUP

To the Honorable Peter Schuyler.

[The Blues and the crowd cheer as the toast is drunk.]

COLONEL SCHUYLER

Gentlemen, I thank you, and you, men who have served with me in the Blues. I do not deserve this salutation. I have done only my duty as a soldier. Some of you have marched far with me and fought hard and felt the despair of captivity. It is as well perhaps, that you should remember, sometimes, the distant battles which make secure your peace and your industry, and if the future holds for us more of war, which God forbid, but which some of us

fear, we men of New Jersey are not all strangers to the sound of it. And so, my friends, I thank you. And you, my comrades, let us forget our authorities. Ah, my brothers, I am so glad to be again at home.

[He moves toward the Blues, his arms outstretched. There is a pause but not one of the men stirs. Colonel Schuyler looks about him, an expression of disappointment passing across his face. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he speaks a sharp word of command.]

COLONEL SCHUYLER

Blues, break ranks!

[Instantly the ranks are broken and the men rush forward shouting and laughing, to shake his hand. The men with the torches gather around the central group and Colonel Schuyler and the Blues make their exit in a joyous tumult, many of the townspeople following them.



As they go off, the light brightens to full day and the people come and go about their business. The members of St. John's Lodge of Masons pass in a procession for the observance of St. John's Day; and before the tavern the Philadelphia Stage pauses, takes on passengers, blows its horn, and rattles off. Men are now seen posting up broadsides calling the people to a meeting. These broadsides are read with keen curiosity and divided feelings, and it becomes evident from the actions of the people that some serious and stirring crisis is at hand. The men of the town gather before the courthouse to listen to Dr. Burnet and Mr. MacWhorter, little knots of Tories looking on from the tavern side of the stage. Dr. Burnet calls the meeting to order and addresses them.]

DR. BURNET

Freeholders and people of Newark: You know well the purpose of this meeting. You have met before to protest against the action of the British Parliament in depriving His Majesty's American citizens of their rights, and particularly the act blockading the port of Boston. You have sent deputies to represent this Province in a general congress of the colonies. You have agreed to purchase no articles of British manufacture, believing that the compulsion to use such commodities was a tyranny.

NICHOLAS HOFFMAN [Interrupting.]

Dr. Burnet, these are dangerous words.

DR. BURNET

I speak within the sense of resolutions you have already passed.

NICHOLAS HOFFMAN

We have passed no resolutions which did not cheerfully render due obedience to His Most Gracious Majesty, King George the Third. We passed no resolutions that speak of tyranny.

DR. BURNET

The time has gone by when we may leave out tyranny, since it is being practiced upon us. Your Grand Jury has not been so cautious.

ISAAC LONGWORTH

I have here the resolution we passed last year. It affirms our allegiance to the Crown. It speaks of no tyranny.

DR. BURNET

A year has changed our thoughts and our words must change with them. This meeting, Mr. Longworth, will speak more loudly.

NICHOLAS HOFFMAN

If you mean to resolve without rendering allegiance to His Majesty's government, you will speak as a town of traitors.

[An angry murmur arises.]

DR. BURNET

This meeting will resolve according to its rights.

NICHOLAS HOFFMAN

Let there be nothing seditious.

[Angry shouts of protest are heard.]

DR. BURNET

You do not hold with us, sir, and will not. This meeting will proceed when you have withdrawn from it.

NICHOLAS HOFFMAN

I protest.

[His words are drowned in the general shouting.]

DR. BURNET

If there be others among us who hold with him, let them go also.

[Three men go over to the side of Hoffman, and turn to the Chairman as if to plead with him. He stands unmoved and the four Tories go off amid the excited comments of the meeting. Mr. MacWhorter addresses Dr. Burnet.]

MR. MACWHORTER

Mr. Moderator, my friends: Dr. Burnet is right. We have passed the time when the word "tyranny" may not be spoken, since it is so bitterly practiced upon us. Do you know that the port of Boston has been closed; that Massachusetts Bay must yield or starve? But there is another alternative. The men of Massachusetts have chosen not to yield but to resist. They have given their blood for the rights of the inhabitants of America. The King's armies have not scrupled to spill this blood, and there could be no darker treachery for us than to turn our backs upon our brothers and let these things pass in silence, for these things are tyrannies.

JUSTICE HEDDEN

Mr. Moderator, I beg leave to present to this meeting a resolution.

DR. BURNET

Justice Hedden.

JUSTICE HEDDEN

[Reading.]

"We, the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Township of Newark, being affected with horror at the bloody scene now acting in Massachusetts Bay, firmly convinced that the very existence of the rights and liberties of America can, under God, subsist on no other basis than the most perfect union of its inhabitants: with hearts perfectly abhorrent of slavery, do solemnly under all the sacred ties of religion, honor and love to our country, associate and resolve that we will support and carry into execution what-

ever measures may be recommended by the Continental Congress for the purpose of preserving and fixing our constitution on a permanent basis and opposing the execution of the several despotic and oppressive Acts of British Parliament, until the wished for reconciliation between Great Britain and America can be obtained."

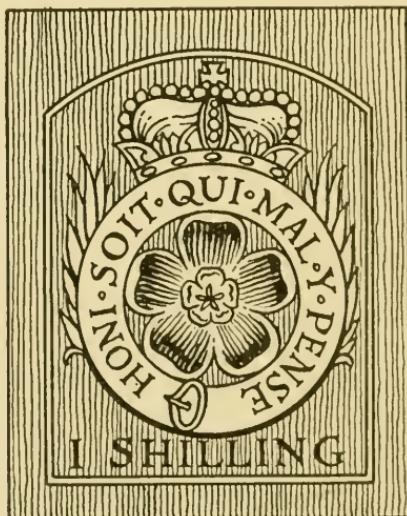
DR. BURNET

Those of you who favor this resolution. . . .

[His words are drowned in a deep chorus of ayes.]

DR. BURNET

It is so ordered, and the General Committee, will proceed in accordance with this resolution of the town's Freeholders. I declare this meeting adjourned.



[The meeting immediately disperses. Mr. James Nuttman enters by the tavern. He is carrying a letter and he calls out of the tavern a group of four men, Tories, to whom he speaks excitedly.]

JAMES NUTTMAN

Friends, heaven is with us. The rebellion is as good as put down.

FIRST TORY

Dangerous words, Mr. Nuttman; I would advise you. . . .

JAMES NUTTMAN

[Interrupting.]

Nonsense, sir. My information is correct. Look you, Washington and his crew have been driven from New England, have been defeated on Long Island; they have lost Fort Washington, have crossed the Hudson, and will be here any moment.

SECOND TORY

Then why in God's name should you speak so openly when they are about to descend upon us?

JAMES NUTTMAN

Descend upon us! They are in flight, man—shameless flight! Their Virginian has been beaten at every point. The King's loyal subjects have nothing to fear from him, except that his hungry rabble may drive off our cows. It's only a little more than a year since he rode through Newark, and now he is being chased back, and his ragged rebels with him. O, it's good news!

FIRST TORY

It may be so, but his coming this way is bad news for us.

JAMES NUTTMAN

No, gentlemen, this is the end of the rebellion.

I bid you all to meet me here when he has passed, to drink a toast in welcome to Lord Cornwallis and the King's men.

[He starts into the tavern, turns back and speaks from the doorway.]

It's the end of the folly, thank God.

[While this scene is being played the company of Jersey Blues is seen forming in the background, while Dr. Burnet and Mr. MacWhorter and other of the townspeople gather about the steps of the courthouse, where messengers come with information for the Committee of Safety. Just as James Nuttman goes into the tavern a mounted orderly rides up to the courthouse, calling for Dr. Burnet.]

THE ORDERLY

Dr. Burnet.

DR. BURNET

[Stepping forward.]

I am he, sir.

THE ORDERLY

General Washington's compliments, sir. He is coming this way immediately.

DR. BURNET

Our Committee has arranged a place for his encampment and headquarters for the General. Do you know, sir, if he will make a stand here?

THE ORDERLY

I do not know. Our rear guard has cut down the Passaic Bridge. That will delay the British crossing.

[As he speaks the first troops of the Continental Army are seen advancing through the woods, and distant drums are heard.]

Our men are in sight, sir.

[Immediately there is a stir of townspeople running on to the stage watching for the approach of the army. Dr. Burnet, Mr. MacWhorter and members of the Com-

mittee of Safety cross to the space before the tavern to wait for General Washington. As they do so, Nuttman and the other Tories come out of the tavern, observe what is happening, and go off to the left. The troops march on from the back of the stage, wheel at the center and go off toward the right, fifes and drums playing. As Washington and his staff approach the tavern, the patriots gathered there remove their hats and cheer, while Dr. Burnet, Justice Hedden, Mr. MacWhorter and others welcome the commander. Colonel Hand enters on horseback and salutes Washington.]

WASHINGTON

Colonel Hand.

COLONEL HAND

I beg to report, General, that my brigade and Colonel Stirling's, formerly stationed at Brunswick, have joined your army here.

WASHINGTON

I thank you for this information, sir. We have had too much of the other sort of late.

[He turns to General Knox.]

You have some report, General?

GENERAL KNOX

It is my duty, sir, to inform you that four hundred men of the Pennsylvania regiments are leaving today, their enlistments having expired.

WASHINGTON

[To MacWhorter and the Committee of Safety.]

You see, gentlemen, the position in which we are placed by this system of short enlistments, and the difficulties under which we move. General Knox.

[General Knox salutes.]

You will find at once a trustworthy messenger to carry a letter to General Lee.

[General Knox calls a dispatch rider who stands at attention before Washington. Washington takes from his orderly a letter which he signs.]

WASHINGTON

[To the messenger.]

Do you know the country between here and the highlands of the Hudson?

THE MESSENGER

Yes, Your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

[Continuing.]

And the immediate dispositions of General Lee's army well enough to join them?

THE MESSENGER

Yes, Your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

You will then deliver this letter into the hands of General Charles Lee without fail, remembering that if you should be captured behind the lines of the enemy, I could not save you.

THE MESSENGER

Yes, Your Excellency.

GENERAL KNOX

I will vouch for this man's faithfulness, General.

WASHINGTON

If you succeed I shall be grateful to you. If you should fail—see that this letter is destroyed.

THE MESSENGER

I will, Your Excellency.

[Washington and the messenger both salute and the messenger goes off.]

JUSTICE HEDDEN

General, we have in accordance with advices from you, warned all persons living near the water to move their stock, grain and other

effects back into the country, knowing how important forage is to the enemy at this time, but we have experienced great difficulty in enforcing your instructions.

WASHINGTON

I am aware of the difficulty, gentlemen.

MR. MACWHORTER

There is the utmost need, General Washington, that the people be aroused to the necessity for action.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

It is a matter of great grief and surprise to me to find the different states so slow and inattentive to their own cause. We have need for an awakening voice as well as for men bearing arms.

MR. MACWHORTER

Will you take me with you, General?

WASHINGTON

Most gladly, Mr. MacWhorter. Your words should be worth a regiment to us.

DR. BURNET

It has been rumored, General, that you plan to make a stand here, lest a further retreat should still more discourage Congress and the loyalty of our friends.

WASHINGTON

I look, sir, beyond the present hour and the immediate military necessity. I shall move on.

[He makes a gesture and an Orderly brings up his horse, which he re-mounts. The members of his staff shake hands with the members of the Committee of Safety, and Washington and his group go off, Mr. MacWhorter accompanying them. The members of the Committee of Safety cross again and go up to the court-house. Nuttman and a group of Tories enter around

the tavern, laughing and shouting hilariously. They knock on the tavern door and the tapster brings out a tray of glasses which are passed around to the members of the group. Nuttman raises his glass to propose a toast.]

JAMES NUTTMAN

Down with the rebellion, gentlemen. To the King's Army and to Lord Cornwallis!

THE TORIES

To the King's army and its commander.

[As they drink, British troops are seen approaching through the woods. The Tory group around the door of the tavern becomes more and more numerous and disorderly in its rejoicing. A table and benches are brought out and the crowd cheers heartily as the British troops march past. General Cornwallis and his staff appear, nod genially to the crowd, and go on. When about two-thirds of the British have passed the temper of the occasion changes. The troops break ranks and pass across the stage in a disorderly rout. Many of them at this point appear carrying furniture and valuables of one sort or another as though they had just plundered the houses of the town. The Tory group around Nuttman shows some uneasiness about this and as they are approached by a company of soldiers some of them run off. Nuttman and his boon companions however, remain greeting the troops jovially. Nuttman gets up on the table to make a speech of welcome, but is dragged down unceremoniously by some of the British soldiers who remove his hat and wig, his fine great-coat, and finally steal his shoes. At this point the rear guard of the British army passes by the tavern and the men who have despoiled Nuttman run howling after it, carrying most of his apparel with them. The Tory group is left in shirtsleeves and stocking feet, scattered disconsolately about the front of the tavern as the lights on the stage go down. In the gathering darkness, Dr. Burnet, Mr. Boudinot and others of the patriot group gather with lanterns by the courthouse door. Dr. Burnet addresses the group.]

DR. BURNET

My friends, I have received a rumor that the British intend attacking us from New York tonight, coming by way of Powle's Hook.

ELISHA BOUDINOT

They will never do it, Dr. Burnet, not in such weather and with the marshes in their present condition.

DR. BURNET

I hope you are right, Mr. Boudinot. 'We have only a few men in the barracks in the Academy and could make little resistance.

[Turning to the others.]

Is Justice Hedden coming to our meeting tonight?

MR. OGDEN

No, Dr. Burnet. Justice Hedden is very ill; he cannot leave his house.

DR. BURNET

I am sorry. We shall have to proceed without him.

ELISHA BOUDINOT

[Pointing toward the back.]

The lights at the Academy are all out.

DR. BURNET

Brave lads, I hope they sleep well.

[He goes over by the door of the courthouse.]

Come gentlemen, we have these cases of Tory estates to consider.

[They go into the courthouse. As they disappear a detachment of British soldiers is seen moving silently in at the other side of the stage, their officers giving them orders in muffled tones. As they pass near the tavern a ray of light, as if from one of the upper windows illuminates them faintly and the commander, Major Lumm, is seen questioning their Tory guide.]

MAJOR LUMM

Now, sir, where is this Academy that they use for a barracks?

THE GUIDE

Down this road, sir.

[He points in the direction of the Academy and Major Lumm gives an order. The detachment starts to move on. The door of the tavern opens and a man is seen coming out. He catches sight of the British detachment, and dodges back into the darkness shouting "The Red-coats." A muffled shout is heard from within the tavern from the opposite side of the stage where almost immediately after a shot is fired. The British detachment is by this time passing out of sight in the direction indicated as toward the Academy. Drums are now heard beating and a bell is rung. Minutemen with guns but not in uniform run across and gather near the courthouse. At the back of the stage in the direction of the Academy shooting is heard and the light of a fire appears. As the fire gains in intensity, the timbers and windows of the Academy building appear against the flames above the shrubbery. Part of the British detachment returns bringing a few prisoners and takes up a position in front of the tavern. Shots are fired upon them from the opposite side, where the fire-light now discloses a group of young men who are seen firing from behind a fence, an old man loading their muskets for them. Part of the British detachment charges upon the fence driving the young men off and capturing the old man. They are about to dispatch him with their bayonets when an officer interferes and sends them back to the group by the tavern. Another detachment now comes in below the tavern, dragging Justice Hedden a prisoner, clad only in his shirt and trousers. Mrs. Hedden follows, frantically offering his cloak. Two of the soldiers seize the cloak from her and drive her back with their bayonets. Justice Hedden, evidently in a fainting condition, is supported by two men.]

MAJOR LUMM

[To an officer in command of the party which has captured Hedden.]

Who is this, Lieutenant?

THE LIEUTENANT

It's the damned rebel magistrate, Hedden.

MAJOR LUMM

Is he wounded?

THE LIEUTENANT

No, sir; sick. We took him out of his bed.

MAJOR LUMM

He will never reach Powle's Hook alive on a night like this.

THE LIEUTENANT

Shall I realease him, sir?

MAJOR LUMM

No, bring him along.

[The officer in charge of the detachment sent to burn the Academy now reports.]

MAJOR LUMM

How many prisoners, Captain?

THE CAPTAIN

Fifteen, sir.

MAJOR LUMM

Any officers?

THE CAPTAIN

There were two in charge, sir. They both escaped.

MAJOR LUMM

Sound a retreat.

THE CAPTAIN

Shall we stop for forage, sir?

MAJOR LUMM

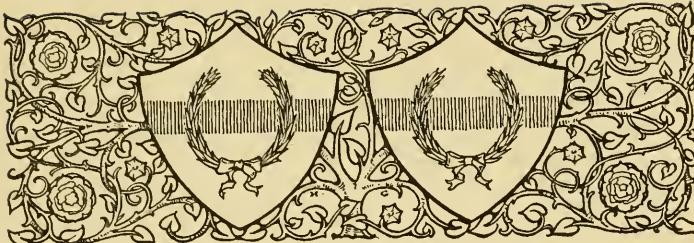
No.

[A number of shots are fired from various concealed points across the stage.]

MAJOR LUMM

It's too hot for us here already.

[Drums and confused shouting are heard, and more shots. The Captain takes his detachment out toward the center of the stage where they fire a volley toward the concealed Minutemen. They fall back and load in front of the tavern. The shots from the darkness are re-doubled and the British retreat the way they came. As they pass the tavern Eleazer Bruen rushes forward and throws a blanket about Justice Hedden's shoulders. Bruen is immediately beaten back by the soldiers and the British detachment makes its escape. The Minutemen are now seen creeping across the stage from point to point, firing upon the retreating enemy. Then as the light brightens they return to the courthouse, gathering about the members of the Committee of Safety who stand on the steps looking after the British. Lights out.]



THIRD MOVEMENT

THE BELLMAN

[Appears in the belfry of the north pylon, ringing his bell.]

The smokes of battle lift, and a new day,
A day of freedom dearly bought, dawns here.
And a new nation rising from a dream
Shakes off her sleep and looks with hopeful eyes
Upon the morn. Ring clear, O Newark bells,
To greet again the honored guest, the friend
Of the Republic, Lafayette. And ring
For that strong man of cunning hand and brain,
Seth Boyden, who with high humility
Gave to our city and the world his toil,
And asking nought, made richer all our days;
For in his name we roll the many names
Of those who by invention and design
Have given garlands to the city's brow,
And golden words, and fame throughout the land.
Ring for the years that circle silently
Till here again our vision growtheth bright
Upon the glow and mirth and festival,
And on the day when Newark doffed the cloak,
The ancient village cloak, and stood new-girt
In a grave City's robes; and yet again
Upon the loyal townsmen when the word
Of Lincoln's coming stirred along the streets,
And men went forth to meet the gathering storm.

[The bell is struck again, and the Bellman vanishes.]

[The buildings which furnished the setting for the second movement of the pageant have now disappeared and the stage is clear, representing an open space in Military Park. The time is Sept. 23, 1824. In the middle of the Park appears a bower constructed of pillars and arches and standing upon a low platform. A group of ladies are engaged in hanging garlands upon this structure. They are actively assisted by Moses Ward who, as the scene opens, is perched on the top of a step-ladder working anxiously to complete the decoration of the bower. William Halsey and Major-General Doughty are observing the progress of the work.]

HALSEY

Very good, Moses, my lad.

[Turning to Major-General Doughty.]
Do you understand the symbolism, General?

MAJOR-GENERAL DOUGHTY

No, Squire Halsey, I can't say I do.

MOSES WARD

[From the top of the ladder.]
Never mind the symbolism, sir. Does it look well?

MAJOR-GENERAL DOUGHTY

O, Admirable, Mr. Ward.

MOSES WARD

That's what I wanted to know. We can't do anything too fine to receive General Lafayette, the hero of Monmouth, the friend of Washington. . . .

[The ladder under him proves too unsteady for oratorical purposes and he subsides.]

SQUIRE HALSEY

The symbolism of my design, General Doughty, is this: The arches represent the thirteen original states, the globe represents the western hemisphere, the flowers . . .

[He is interrupted by a salute fired off-stage.]
Come down off that ladder, Moses, General Lafayette is coming.

[The ladies who have been working at the floral decorations depart in a great flutter. Mayor Halsey and General Doughty go off to the left. Moses comes down, removes his ladder and stands off admiring the effect of his creation. A band is heard playing and the townspeople come running in from the right, followed by a number of gentlemen on horseback who dismount and stand with their horses in a group at the extreme right of the stage. The ladies and gentlemen actively engaged in the reception now appear and group themselves at each side of the bower. The Honorable Theodore Frelinghuysen appears with General Lafayette and a group of his escort in the central archway. The crowd cheers and the ladies wave their kerchiefs.]

HONORABLE THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN

In the annals of our City, this day should be marked immortally with gold, for never since Washington trod our streets, has Newark been so signally honored. We remember with gratitude even to tears how you left your home, your family, your lofty station, to join that seemingly impossible conflict for human rights. And now you come back to us, rich with years and the mighty experience of your own nation in the throes of its rebirth, to walk among us again, a guest, a republican, one of the wisest and mightiest spirits of a century. And we sir, lift in joy the cup of hospitality, and thank God, even as we rejoice in tendering to you our most sincere and respectful congratulations.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE

[Speaking slowly and with a marked French accent]

My friends, for that you are happy in my coming, I thank you; for that you remind me of Washington I thank you. But most I take pleasure in this day because in welcoming me you make festival not for a man, not for Lafayette, but for that immortal spirit which first drew me to your land—the spirit of liberty, and for that friendship between America and France which I look never to see broken. Few words, my friends,

are mine, but honest words. You make a festival to-day for me; let me not hinder the joy of your people which I so heartily share in being among you again.

[A group of thirteen little girls dressed in white and representing the thirteen original states appears before General Lafayette, presenting him with a bouquet of flowers. The little girls curtsey, General Lafayette bows with great formality and dignity, and the first little girl presents the bouquet. As the General takes it he picks the child up and kisses her, to the accompaniment of renewed cheering and more waving of kerchiefs. A line is now formed and the ladies and gentlemen are in turn presented to General Lafayette.]

THE FIRST YOUNG LADY

My father, General Lafayette, served under you at Monmouth.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE

In no other way could you bring so sure a claim on my regard.

[To the second young lady.]
And your father?

THE SECOND YOUNG LADY

My grandfather was a member of the Committee of Safety, sir.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE

A great service to the State, mademoiselle. And yours?

THE THIRD YOUNG LADY

My grandfather and father, sir, were loyal to their King and country.

[The others in the line are much taken aback by this statement.]

GENERAL LAFAYETTE

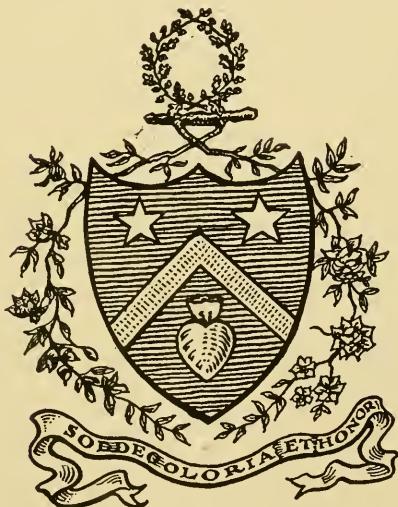
[Smiling.]

I am very glad to see, mademoiselle, that you have the courage to stand by the principles of your fathers.

[The line progresses and as its members are passing, music strikes up and a group in the front dances a minuet. A chair is brought for General Lafayette who is seated in the central archway watching the dancers. At the close of the dance, Mr. Frelinghuysen approaches General Lafayette.]

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN

Mr. Boudinot's compliments, General Lafayette. He begs to invite you to his house where some of the ladies and gentlemen of Newark will have the honor of dining with you.



[General Lafayette comes foward, leaving the bower, and makes his way toward the exit near the water on the left. The ladies and gentlemen of the reception group, and the minuet, falling in behind him. As they are about to pass from sight a group of three old veterans of the revolution present themselves in his path, wearing their uniforms. General Lafayette stops as the old men salute, returns their salute punctiliously, and then impulsively embraces the three of them. There are cheers from the crowd and Lafayette and the group pass from sight. As they leave the stage, the bower is removed. The platform remains and on it is a box or rostrum which is now draped with American flags. The people gather to join in the 50th anniversary celebration of the Declaration of Independence. A squad of militia is practicing a drill at the left of the stage and at the right a wagon, partially decorated as a float and loaded with miscellaneous objects, is brought on. This wagon halts at the right of the stage near the water, while a group of citizens discuss the question of its decoration.]

MR. GOBLE

We have all the materials we need. I am sure it's just a question of how to display them best.

MR. CLEVELAND

You may have all the materials, but what's the plan? I am sure the thing will be a disgrace to us.

MR. RANKIN

O, don't say that, Mr. Cleveland. It sounded like a good plan when we talked it over.

MR. MEEKER

Not to me, Mr. Rankin. Think of it! An important parade like this and here we are with a wagon load of rubbish.

MR. GOBLE

I don't take that kindly, Mr. Meeker—a wagon load of rubbish. It's a representative gathering of the manufactures of Newark.

MR. CLEVELAND

But it looks like rubbish. It looks like somebody was moving out. It will be a disgrace. Mark my words, it will be a disgrace to all of us.

MR. GOBLE

I don't see why it should fail. It was a beautiful idea—a float with all the manufactures of Newark on one stage. Harmony and variety at once.

MR. RANKIN

That's all right, but what's the plan? You have brought a case of boots, Mr. Goble, and I have brought a box of hats, and Mr. Cleveland has brought four clocks and Mr. Meeker has brought a display of porridge dishes.

MR. CLEVELAND

It will be a disgrace to us.

MR. MEEKER

They'll never stand the rough road.

MR. GOBLE

But it's just a question of how to display them on the float.

MR. RANKIN

But Newark makes so many things and they are all so different.

MR. MEEKER

They will look like junk.

MR. GOBLE

[Losing patience.]

But whose scheme was this, anyway?

MR. RANKIN

I don't know whose idea it was, but Seth Boyden promised to arrange the display. Mr. Cleveland, that's what got me into it. He is so ingenious. I knew it was a fool scheme for a float, but I thought Seth Boyden could invent some way to make it work.

MR. MEEKER

Where is he? Here we are with our manufactures and no Seth Boyden and it's the Fourth of July and the parade ought to be starting now, and the Blues are coming. . . .

MR. CLEVELAND

And we'll all be disgraced. I know it.

MR. GOBLE

Somebody go and find Boyden.

MR. CLEVELAND

[Taking the clocks from the wagon and holding them under his arms.]

I don't care if you never find him now. The whole celebration is spoiled for me. A float of Newark's manufactures, and look at it! I am going to take my clocks.

MR. RANKIN

O, now, Mr. Cleveland, don't take the clocks.

MR. MEEKER

O, come now. If anything is going to be taken off, it ought to be my porridge dishes.

MR. GOBLE

One moment gentlemen, one moment. Isn't that Boyden coming?

[They all turn and look to see Boyden approaching. He is wearing a leather apron, his sleeves are rolled up, his hands blackened and his face smudged. He is carrying a piece of iron in his hand. The manufacturers look at him accusingly. He does not see them, but walks in a study.]

MR. GOBLE

[Sharply.]

Seth Boyden!

SETH BOYDEN

Eh! What's that.

[He looks up and for the first time notices the group around the float.]

Why, what's this?

MR. RANKIN

Seth Boyden, do you know what day it is?

SETH BOYDEN

No, it's Wednesday, isn't it?

MR. GOBLE

It's the Fourth of July, sir,—Independence Day.

SETH BOYDEN

[Passing his hand over his eyes].

Is that so? Why, bless me, I thought I heard drums.

MR. CLEVELAND

[With the clocks still under his arms.]

What are you mooning about, Seth Boyden?

You know it's Independence Day and you promised to arrange the manufactures of Newark on this float. What have you been doing?

SETH BOYDEN

Manufactures of Newark?

MR. MEEKER

Yes, sir. I think you owe us an explanation, sir.

SETH BOYDEN

I don't know that I can explain it. You see, I have been working on it for years. I found it out by accident at first that cast iron, heated in a furnace with just the right fluxes, burnt out malleable. Then I knew malleable iron could be made that way; by what process, I didn't know and I couldn't find out, and I never knew till to-day—and to-day, by heaven, I've found it! I can't explain it, but I've found it!

MR. GOBLE

I don't know what you are talking about. You said you would decorate our float of the manufacturers of Newark. You said. . . .

MR. CLEVELAND

[Setting down the clocks.]

Never mind that, Mr. Goble. This is something more important. Tell me again, Seth. You've found the process?

SETH BOYDEN

[Holding up the piece of iron.]

I've found it. You see that iron? It works like the best wrought metal. I made it from cast iron in my furnace and I know how I made it. I can do it again.

MR. CLEVELAND

Gentlemen, let's take back our float. We will march in to-day's parade without our manufacturers; but mark me, it is a great day and a great invention for our city. Take back the float.

[The others crowd around and congratulate Boyden as the wagon is drawn off. Drums are heard and the parade led by the militia comes in from the right. The disappointed manufacturers fall into line as the parade passes them and they all approach the rostrum in the center of the stage. William Pennington mounts the rostrum.]

WILLIAM PENNINGTON

Fellow citizens of Newark and of the Republic: We meet to celebrate once more that mighty deed done fifty years ago to-day, which was the root and beginning of our country's liberty. What storms has the Republic not weathered! Those who in the beginning fought its battles are old men, or have already passed into the tomb, but we to whom they have bequeathed the heritage of liberty should gather each year to sound their praises to posterity. And this year we, the citizens of Newark, in grateful commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of American independence have, on this fourth day of July, Anno Domini, 1826, deposited this stone as a foundation of a monument here to be erected; and when the dilapidations of time shall discover this inscription to future generations, may the light of the Gospel illuminate the whole world. And these words, fellow citizens, which we have here inscribed upon this stone, we hope the future will enclose beneath an imperishable monument.

[There are cheers from the crowd as William Pennington comes down from the rostrum. The lights go down as the citizens depart from the scene of the celebration, moving off to the left; and now there enters from the right of the stage, a group of citizens in the dress of 1836, the year in which Newark became a city. As the group comes on there is some cheering and as it pauses at the center of the stage, the rostrum is mounted by General Isaac Andrus, who addresses the group.]

GENERAL ISAAC ANDRUS

Fellow citizens, the result of the election is most gratifying. It is four years since we resolved that the township of Newark has become too populous to be governed longer as a township. We went to the Legislature for a charter of incorporation by which Newark might become a city. That charter was submitted for the choice of our citizens to-day. We now know that it is

accepted by an immense majority and the powers and privileges of a corporate city are thus secured to us. Gentlemen, I present to you a man who already deserves much of this community, William Halsey.

[William Halsey now mounts the rostrum.]

WILLIAM HALSEY

My friends, I rejoice with you in the good news. The growth of this community has been indeed remarkable. It has been augmented by the opening of the Morris Canal and still further stimulated by the development of the Jersey Railroad. We now, after a hundred and seventy years as a town, become, in the sight of the state, a city. The same good feeling, the same public spirit, which prevailed to-day will continue to prevail. As we have commenced, so let us continue, in the spirit of kindness and conciliation, to act with a single eye to the interest of the whole community.

[There are cheers from the crowd, cheers for "Halsey for Mayor" and the group carrying their torches, proceeds across the stage and off at the left. The stage is now more generally lighted and citizens in the dress of 1861 appear. Mayor Bigelow with a group of friends proceeds slowly to the center of the stage where the rostrum still remains. A procession led by a group of men in citizens' clothes, on horseback, enters from the left. The group on horseback proceeds across the stage pausing at the right. Lincoln in the carriage comes in about the middle of the procession. The carriage stops just at the left of the rostrum on which Mayor Bigelow and several other citizens are waiting.]

MAYOR BIGELOW

Mr. President-Elect:

On behalf of the Common Council and my fellow-citizens, I most cordially welcome you to our city, and tender to you its hospitalities. I welcome you, Sir, on behalf of the citizens of the metropolis of the State; who have ever

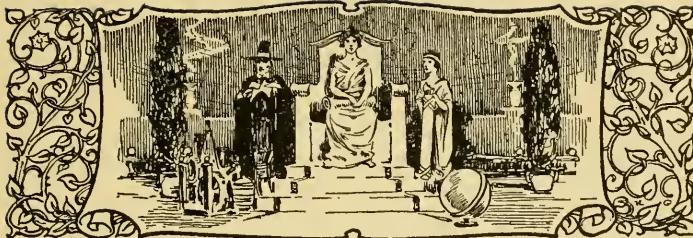
been loyal to the Constitution and maintained the integrity of the Union; and who entertain the ardent hope that your administration will be governed by that wisdom and by that discretion which will be the means of transmitting the confederated States as a unit to your successors, and through them to the latest generations.

MR. LINCOLN

Mr. Mayor: I thank you for this reception you have given me in your city. The only response I can make is that I will bring a heart similarly devoted to the Union. With my own ability alone I cannot hope to succeed; I hope to be sustained by Divine Providence in the work I have been called to perform for this great, free, happy and intelligent people. Without this I cannot succeed. I thank you again for this kind reception.

[There is great cheering and the carriage with the procession proceeds on its way, as the lights go down.

INTERMISSION



FOURTH MOVEMENT

THE MASQUE OF NEWARK

[The stage is wholly enveloped in mist, and through this, as the music of the masque begins, fireflies are seen weaving a curious dance with their lights in the darkness. With the chorus of the Mist Spirits, the stage is gradually lighted, disclosing the dance of the Mists.]

CHORUS

*Mists of the night and morning,
Drifting and billowing low,
Marsh lights aglow and the watery moon,
And the rose on the crests in the dawning.

Green of the spring in the meadows
Lifting along by the lea,
Grasses that veil the rim of the dune
Where the sky comes down to the sea.

Flowers of the marsh on the sea wind,
Fragrantly blown to the east,
Sweet with the smokes of the springtide
When the snows and the storms have ceased.

Over the waters the singing,
The lights and the magical rose—
Mists of the night and the morning
And the flowers in the veil of the snows.*

[Enter the Puritan Spirit.]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

[Driving the dancers away.]

Away, avaunt!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We are the lift of green along the shore.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

Spirits of evil, begone!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We are the moon's pale silver in the mist.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

Out of my sight!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We are the rose of sunset on the crest
Of day.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I shut my ears to your mocking

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We are all beauty and you drive us forth,
The rose and silver and you want us not.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

Blandishments of the sight! The devil planned
you. Go!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

Must you be gray and angry to be just?

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I make no traffic with these lures and lights.

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

Yet we have danced through immemorial years.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

Black years of heathen sin. Begone!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

You dance not in your heart?

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I toil and pray.

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We are the spring, the rose, the sunset gold.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

You are the lures of life. I cast you forth.

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

What build you here without our ministry?

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I build a city free from world's desire,
I light my faith-fire where the land is pure.

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We go, but can you close the heart of man
To beauty, can you shut his eyes to light
Or keep the leaves from dancing in the wind?

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I can make pure my house and strong my law,
And you—I drive you forth—begone, begone!

SPIRITS OF THE MISTS

We will return when you have need of us.

[The spirits of the Mists gradually draw off to the sides
of the stage and the Puritan Spirit is left in the center.]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

O mocking lights, O mists of primal spring,
O wild temptations and untaught desires,
I will have none of you. But here I call
Out of your mists my city walled and strong

Armored in faith and girt about with law
Slow to appear, not vain nor variable,
Watched by old Wisdom on her gates enthroned,
With one hand and consent to godly ends
Dedicate, and to the will of God
Forever subject and forever bound.

[As he speaks the mists drift away and the wall of the city appears. The braziers along the wall are lighted and the shrowded figure of the Watcher over the gate is dimly seen.]

CHORUS

*Speak thou, O voice of God's changeless will,
Old Watcher throned above the city's gate.
O mighty Watcher, appear,
O ancient voice, awake!*

THE WATCHER

Behold, O Spirit, she who cometh forth—
The soul of thy city.

[As the Chorus sings, Newark, figured as a majestic woman in garb of violet and gold, borne aloft in a great throne, enters from the gateway. She is attended by her Herald, Law, Church, and the Civic Virtues in stately attire.]

CHORUS

*Behold, the gates swing wide!
Behold, the banners in air!
She comes, aloft on the tide
She comes as a queen would fare;
Forth to the call of the voice
Forth to the night and the stars,
A crown on her red gold hair:
A city to rise and rejoice,
A queen—and her broidered state
Rich with high deeds and old wars,
A city, whose trumpets elate
Proclaim in jubilant blast
Proclaim to the hills and the sea
The grace of the years that are past,
The glory of years to be.*

NEWARK

Thy voice, O Spirit, calls me forth; my walls
Rose at thy bidding, and my spires the sun
First smote above the mist because of thee
I, Newark, answer—what is thy command?

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

Who are these twain who stand beside thy throne?

NEWARK

Law and The Church stand closest to my throne.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

But thou and Law and Church are one, not three.

NEWARK

One are we all in heart, but Life divides
The word and deed, the prayer and altar flame.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

And Life will break and change eternal things
If the soul be not steadfast.

Hark, City, to my word. I set thee here.
I chose this land; I toiled through exiled days
And nights of tyranny for thee. And lo,
I charge thee, where I strike this rock to flame,
Be thou its guardian.

[He strikes the altar with his staff and fire appears.]

Newark remember, thou art dedicate
To the high trust of an enduring faith
To rule by them in whom my spirit dwells,
To be a refuge from idolatries.

Let not thy gates stand open to the world
And all the world's unholiness. Let those
Who kneel not, pray not as I pray, depart.
Let thy looms weave not vanities, thy forges
Spend not their heat on unregenerate steel.
Be of one faith, one heart—one love and law,
And keep upon this altar stone my fire
And in thy heart my counsels. For I pass
Within thy gates as one who seeks his home.
Newark, remember!

NEWARK

Spirit, I hear and heed.

[The Puritan Spirit goes into the gateway. The other members of the group come forward.]

Lo, he who gave me being charges me
As ye have heard, and I would do his will.
But here, in the blown wind beyond the outer wall
Life finds me, with a sacred fire to guard
Life, with the storms that quench and winds that
beat
The faiths and passions and desires that whelm
The encircled hearth and cloistered fire. Speak
thou,
O Watcher wise and one with destiny,
How shall I guard this flame? What counsel seek
That it may burn amid the future years,
As he would have it burn—inviolate?

THE WATCHER

Thou hast thy charge—one heart—one law—one
faith.

NEWARK

Words change not, but all fires burn down.

THE WATCHER

The fires of life endure.

NEWARK

Endure, but change, and change he charged me
shun.

THE WATCHER

Too stern a law will break itself. Thou art
A living city in a changing world.
Call to thy counsels Liberty.

NEWARK

I fear that name, for I am charged to close
My gates to wandering faiths and vanities
To all unholy and unrighteous things
And Liberty will open gates and strike
The terror from the hands of Law.

THE WATCHER

Not so
For Law and Faith, beauty and brotherhood
Are hers, and fires that burn immortally.

NEWARK

I fear that name. And yet—the fire burns low.
Ho, Herald, let my trumpets speak.

[At a sign from Newark, the Herald steps forward and raises his mace. The trumpets sound. There is a pause. Enter Greed, Strife and Ignorance. They come together and bow before Newark. They are very old, and craftily reverent, and wholly evil. Their followers gather behind them.]

GREED

We have heard the calling of the trumpets
And the voice of one in need of wise counsel.

STRIFE

I come always to the calling of trumpets
And when they have wakened me, I awaken my
drums.

IGNORANCE

I come to those who lack counsel,
Since I am the very cause of their lacking it.

GREED

And so we three, who are very old, and have
counselled many rich tribes and cities,
We are come to offer ourselves to thee
Since we have seen afar the glistering of thy crown
And heard the silver voices of thy trumpets.

STRIFE

And where there are strong walls, there I find
spears also,
And the clashing of shields.

IGNORANCE

Was it Liberty they were calling? I know not
where she dwells,
But if we dance gaily
And shut stern Discipline away from us,
It is likely she will come. This is my counsel.

GREED

But first, O City, dost thou take us for thy wise men
We three, who are as old as wisdom himself
We three, who have had our way in many tall
towns that are now,
Alas, fallen into the dust of time.
Thy trumpets proclaim thy need of counsel,
Dost thou take us, Newark, in thy need?

NEWARK

O Watcher of the gateway, lift thy voice.

WATCHER

Call Liberty.

[The light fades from the Watcher.]

NEWARK

But these who are old and wise, these counsellors,
Shall I admit them, lest the fire burn low,
Shall I take them to be my ministers?
Speak, mighty Watcher.

[The Watcher is silent.]

Do I cry in vain
To thee in this my need? The sacred fire
Flutters and fails.

[Another pause.]

GREED

He answers not, for he knows well we are as wise
as he.

And so, City, thou dost well to take us for thy
ministry.

NEWARK

Herald, let it be so proclaimed. I take
These for my counsellors. Thou art my voice.
Let the world know their names—their state—

GREED

Pause there.

Thy word is given, City, but I for one would have
another sign—a token—

Before my name be blazoned to thy service.

HERALD

What wouldst thou have?

GREED

Let me hold in mine hands her golden sceptre
That I may know my wisdom shall be girt with her
authority.

HERALD

Her sceptre is the rod of sovrainty.

GREED

It will be safe with me, for I love things of gold,
Dost thou hesitate? 'Tis but a sign
And the price—the price of mine ancient wisdom.

[Newark gives her sceptre to the Herald. Greed reaches for it.]

HERALD

What is thy name?

[Greed takes the sceptre and turns away, gloating over it.]

GREED

My name is Greed.

[Greed's group gathers behind him admiring the sceptre.]

[To Ignorance.]

HERALD

And thine?

IGNORANCE

In faith, I scarcely know it, for some call me
Folly and some call me Mischief—
But these names are wrong for I am older than
these.

I am Ignorance.

[The group of Ignorance moves forward.]
[To Strife.]

HERALD

And thy name?

STRIFE

I have waited too long for thy recognition.
Close round me, my comrades.

[Strife's group comes up behind him.]
I have waited too long in sloth while your trumpets
are silent.
I who would have them sounding to battle forever.
I am Strife.

[The Herald raises his staff and the trumpets sound.]

HERALD

Hear ye all, hear ye all, hear ye all!
Our City taketh for her counsellors
These three, Greed, Ignorance and Strife!

STRIFE

Herald, why speak ye nothing in our praise?

GREED

Nay Strife, let us wait for praise till we have given
counsel.
And now, O Lady of the City—what wouldest thou
have of us?

THE HERALD

The guarding of this sacred fire—the call
To Liberty to dwell within our walls.

GREED

Surely we will guard the fire, and we will find
Liberty for thee.

IGNORANCE

[Pointing to Church.]

If thou wilt cast yonder book on the fire
It will blaze bravely,
And the world be rid of a pernicious thing
For all books are pernicious.

STRIFE

Yea, and yonder sword in the hand of Law!
This is folly,
How shall Liberty come while Law hath a sword?

HERALD

The hand of Law must wield the sword. The
Church
Shall keep her holy book, O Counsellor.

STRIFE

Herald, thy trumpets shall be broken asunder—

GREED

Nay, Strife, this Herald is but a voice of the City.

STRIFE

Why are we called hither, if we must be silent?

IGNORANCE

I came for mere idleness, and for the destruction of
pernicious learning.
Let me burn thy book.

GREED

Nay, Comrades, grasp, ere ye destroy.

STRIFE

Strike first, I say.
This Herald likes me not.
I will break his mace and silence his voice.

[He approaches the Herald.]

HERALD

Stand back, O Strife. Let Law unsheathe his sword.

STRIFE

Now is my hour. Law, guard thyself!
[Law steps forward with drawn sword.]

HERALD

O Watcher, is it written Strife and Law
Must struggle here? O wars of long ago!

[The Watcher is silent. The Strife motif in the music is repeated, and Strife and Law fight; Law is disarmed. The attendants of Newark shrink back.]

GREED

Ho, now that Law is down, fall to, my comrades!

[Music—the Dance of Greed. They strip off Newark's jewels, and, wrestling for the booty, rush about the stage and up the steps at the back, where Greed holds aloft Newark's shining crown, and his followers clutch upward at the blaze of it. The fire on the altar dies down. The music changes, and the followers of Ignorance, the follies and buffoons, begin their dance, vaguely endeavoring figures that melt and break before they are wholly formed, a rout of evil inanities. The warriors of Strife's group now strike upon their shields, and, shouting, join in a battle dance, driving out before them all those happy and lovely spirits who in the beginning were of Newark's train. At the end of these dances. The Three Counsellors and all their followers rush from the stage in a mad revel. Newark is bound and desolate. She seems now an old and tragic figure, crushed by sinister forces. The fire is dead, the Watcher dark. Enter, the Puritan Spirit, who comes slowly down to the altar.]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

What hast thou wrought, O City? Now the world,
The wide, unhallowed ebb and flow of life

Hath whelmed thee in its evil flood. Speak,
Newark

Is my fire burnt out, my charge in vain?

[He goes over to Newark, confronting and questioning.]

Why art thou silent? Bound? And voiceless?
Chained,

And enchanted! Watcher of the Gateway,
What of this?

THE WATCHER

Too stern a law will break itself. The years
Are filled with life that changes. Look on them.
Take counsel with their voices, and distil
Out of their fruitage a more tolerant fire,
That flutters in the wind of time, but dies not.

[As he speaks a ghostly procession appears before Newark and the Puritan Spirit—a Procession of the Years of Newark. Some of them are figures of grace and dignity, from childhood to old age; and many are the great souls who in the past have enriched the City's life, the Founders, the Patriots, the Nourishers of growth and wonder. As the years pass, their march reflecting its stately measure in the placid waters, the Chorus is heard.]

CHORUS

*The tread of the years is a solemn tread,
Slowly they pass,
And their faces the waters mirror back
As a maid's in a glass.*

*A child of the years is a city's life,
Changing and growing,
And the faces of all her dreamers live,
Dreaming and glowing;*

*The dreamers and masters of dreams go by
In glory and pity;
These are thine—ghosts of thy glory—
Look up, O City.*

*For the fire will rise and the spring will bloom
When the heart is wise,
And the years as they pass are filled with dreams
As with stars the skies.*

[The Processional passes from sight.]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

If I have been too stern, and held too dear
Unchanging righteousness, Lo, I
Am humbled now. We know the stroke of evil
And the dreams that the slow years have wrought.
What shall unbind the captive, and strike off
The chains of evil counsel?

THE WATCHER

Toil, and the meed of toil is won.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I brought no sloth into these walls with me,
But ever diligence was in my word.

THE WATCHER

And to thy diligence came with the years
Art, and Invention with her cunning skill,
And now these lead the mighty Industries
Forth, dancing in the light.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

And shall they here restore the City's voice.
Shake off the dumb enchantment?

THE WATCHER

Toil may unchain, but can not disenchant.
Behold.

[Invention enters, leading the Industries of Newark.
There follows a great dance of the Industries, each
group forming in succession, its own figure; the dance
begins with the Industries of Orchards and Meadows,
followed by the Hides and Leathers, Loom and Shuttle,
Jewels and Adornments, and many others.]

[As the last dance of the Industries is finished, Com-
merce enters on the lagoon in a galleon, and on the shore
beyond her appears the first of the national groups.]

THE WATCHER

And Commerce with her many-winged fleets
Comes to thy wharfage from the circling seas,
And in her train the nations of the earth
Send thee their lofty messages.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

But these of alien life and dissonant faith,
Shall we receive them? Shall they dwell with me
Where I have reared my walls against the world?

THE WATCHER

Doors closed against the airs of life rot down:
Walls crumble that resist the beating wings
Which lift the souls of nations into flight.
None comes so alien that he brings not here
High vows and golden memories; and these
Are thine and Newark's for a mightier day.

[A trumpet sounds, and the First Herald steps forward.]

THE POLISH HERALD

O Newark, I speak for those of your people who
are of Polish blood.
We bring you loyal greetings,
And from our home land, thrice divided and bowed
with war and tears,
We carry into your city, deep in our hearts,
Our deathless dream of freedom.
We bid you remember the nation that Poland has
been,
So proud and quick to kindle,
So hard and bitter to divide.
And we bring before you not our tears but our
dreams, and a hero—
A hero your land has also known, a friend to
your Washington,
We bring Kosciusko.
And now I would bid you look upon a place in
our city of Cracow,

[Lights on.]

A public square, and the people passing.
[The people of Cracow and Kosciusko's soldiers appear.]
Now Kosciusko comes home, and the people
gather around him,

[Enter Kosciusko and staff.]

And he speaks to them of freedom,
And our soldiers take him for their commander—
Brave men, but few, to face the armies of an
empire.

[The Polish soldiers salute Kosciusko. After them come peasants, with scythes; these also Kosciusko welcomes.]

And he swears to them that he will never give up
the thought of liberty,

And that he leads them for that holy cause alone.
[Kosciusko repeats the oath of Cracow.]

And Kosciusko takes into his army the peasants,
the scythe men,

And he puts on the peasant's coat, that men may
know he loves and leads his united country-men,

[Kosciusko embraces the peasants. They cling to him,
falling on their knees at his feet. He draws his sword.
The trumpets sound, and he leads off his army.]

And this, Newark, we men of Polish blood hold
firm,

This fire that burned in Kosciusko's veins,
This light of freedom long denied, but here—
Here in your city, ours once more.

THE GREEK HERALD

[Presenting a group representing classical Greek culture.]

THE IRISH HERALD

Newark, your citizens of Irish blood
Salute you. Harp of Erin, wake! And dream,
And fifteen centuries shall drift away
With all their strifes and sufferings. Behold
Enthroned upon the Stone of Destiny,
Our King, Leagaire the Just,
The Son of Niall of the Nine Hostages,
And by his side the poets, soldiers, men
Of law.

[The group appears, Leagaire on his throne.]
They gather for the lighting of the fire,
The sacred fire, to welcome back the spring
Of the old gods. But lo, a newer faith

[Saint Patrick enters with his monks.]

Draws near, and the high King rejects the Word,
And calls upon the priests of the old gods,
And rises up among his men of might,
To drive Saint Patrick from the land.

[The King rises in his throne and orders Saint Patrick
to be driven from his presence.]

But all the spells of the high Druids, all
The stormy edicts of the King, are vain.

[St. Patrick raises his cross majestically. His own
people kneel; then the poets and ladies of the court,
and at last the King. The light fades from the scene.]

So from our ancient days of glory, Newark
We greet you, loyally, and so depart.

THE SLOVAK HERALD

O Newark, I speak for your Slovak people,
Who come from a far and unhappy land,
And bring no sounding names of kings and war-
riors,
For ours are simple days.

[Lights on.]

We bring our Slovak festival to you,
Glad that in your power we find freedom.
And among our folk you shall see him
Who, living, bore our whole nation in his heart,
And who now lives in the heart of our whole nation:
John Kollar—our poet and prophet.
And you behold him as he lived,
With the songs of our Slovak hills sounding in his
ears,
And he sets down these songs, that our children's
children may sing them forever,

[The group disappears.]

At home—and here in your City, Newark,
And wherever the Slovak heart still beats.

THE GERMAN HERALD

[Presenting a group representing German leaders
of thought through the centuries.]

THE SCOTTISH HERALD

Hail Newark! Here from Scottish hills and days
Lang syne, we bring you greetings: for in us
The pibroch sounds, and Caledonian airs
Blow from the heather fields out fathers trod.
Romance is ours--and the brave border life
Lives in our songs; and you shall see to-night
Him whom we loved—the gallant bonny Prince
Charles Edward.

[The bagpipe sounds, and the group appears.]
Culloden's battle now is lost. The Prince
From isle to isle, a fugitive, denied
His crowns and kingdoms, leaves our shores.
And she who brought him through the perilous
flight,
Flora MacDonald, bids him here farewell,
Never to see him more.

[The Prince takes leave of Flora MacDonald, as his
boat is rowed away.]
But in our songs, by many a Scottish hearth,
They meet again, and part, and tears are shed
For the brave lass who dared, and for the lad
Our people loved, our bonnie lad, Prince Charlie.

[The lights go down and the group disappears.]

THE RUTHENIAN HERALD

[Presenting a group representing Mazeppa's alliance
with Charles XII in the national assembly of the Ukraine.]

THE FRENCH HERALD

Newark,
The salutations of your citizens,
Who are of France. And for your eyes and for
Your heart's remembering, we bring a vision
Of those high leaders in the thought of man
Those pioneers of the imagination,
Innovators of arts and sciences
And governments, whom France has given to
The world.

[The group appears.]

Three women first of lustrous fame
Who gave each one her life for France's life;
Jeanne d'Arc, led by her holy dreaming voices,
Corday, and Roland, who in the dark time
Of terror beckoned destiny.

[The three pass to their places.]

[The artists and poets appear.]

And now the artists and the poets:
Mansard the architect, and Moliere,
Master of comedy, Lulli, of music,
Watteau the painter, Pallissy, who joined
To sculpture the skilled potter's craft; and two
Who closer move and speak—Hugo and Rodin,

[The scientists pass.]

And the scientists,
Papin, who first groped toward the power of steam
In his inventions. Ampere, who set down
His "Theorie" to guide the study of
Electric forces;
Dupuytrin, who in surgery gave to life
New sureties against death. Jacquard, whose
loom
Weaves for the modern world. Remember these,
Newark, in freedom, industry and peace,
For these to thee are France.

[The group disappears.]

THE LITHUANIAN HERALD

I speak, O King, for Lithuania,
And we bring the hero of our nation,
Our Grand Duke Gedeminus.
He ruled our land and fought our enemies,
And held our nation high among the kingdoms of
the North
A hundred years before Columbus sailed
And found your land across an unknown sea.
[The Duke is seen with his priests who pray over the
fire.]
And first you see him by the sacred fire
Praying amid his priests to the old gods,
Praying for victory—his prayer in vain.

[A messenger comes with news of the fighting. The Duke orders the priest to offer more to the gods. The Duke's mother comes on. A second messenger enters, wounded. The Duke's mother comes forward to the fire.]

And lo, his mother comes, and on the fire
She throws her jewels, as a sacrifice,
And the Grand Duke doth pledge his strong right
hand.

Now the gods answer through their ancient priest,
And the Grand Duke goes forth to battle for his
home.

[Exit the Duke. Darkness.]

For his has been a life of battle:
On one side, strong Svetoslavas reigns;
To westward, the Crusaders, Teuton knights
Who long ago forgot the Cross and Holy Land
And now make war for war's red lust alone;
To eastward, Russia, pressing ever on our soil
Her hungry thousands. Now the Russian arms
Clang back upon the gates of Kiev,
And Gedeminus follows in pursuit.

[Lights, and the battle of Kiev is seen. The Russians
are at last driven back against the gateway, and the
Russian Duke surrenders.]

And now the foe is beaten, and our prince
Exacts an oath. The enemy kneels down
There in the gateway, and he swears to come
Never again upon our soil, never to lift the sword,
Never to war on Lithuania;
And he gives up the golden keys to Kiev,
And Gedeminus turns him back from that dark
gate,
Seeking again the peace of the High Gods.

[Lights out. Exit Herald.]

THE ITALIAN HERALD

For all your people of Italian blood,
Newark, I speak, and would that in one voice
And vision we might bring you Italy,
Its light and splendor, art and faith and song.
For we who come, whatever be our state,
Bring echoes faint and far of that great time

When art and Italy were one. And so
We choose to mirror, howsoever faint,
Florence, our City of Lilies, and the life,
The warmth, the lustre, wherein Dante trod.
For Dante's voice, across six hundred years,
Comes to our people still, and to the world,
We give the living wonder of his fame.

[The lights appear, people passing; Dante enters.]
Behold him now, and lo, there comes to him,
Even as in story, one who loved him well,
Guido the poet, and he takes his book,
And reads, and heeds not, while the people pass.

[Enter Corso; people bow before him, but Dante does not heed him.]

Now they who hate him find him proud and cold,
And Corso, his black enemy, goes his way.

[Cimabue enters, with a picture; and after him Giotto.
Dante greets them both.]

But these, his friends, he welcomes heartfully,
The painter Cimabue, and the boy.
Giotto, who as a dawn fire set alight
The mighty day and glory of our art.

[Beatrice enters.]

Beatrice passes.

[Dante and Beatrice look for a moment into each other's face. Exit Beatrice.]

And now his enemies send him forth,
To wander exiled through the lonely world.

[Corso returns with officers; Dante is banished. The lights on the lower stage vanish.]

And from the fiery tumult of his hate,
And from the mighty music of his love,
Sounding them both in one triumphant cry,
He speaks to us across the centuries,
And we in spirit follow where he leads,
Adown the circles of the nether hells,
Across the purgatorial plains, and up,
Winging in high imagined starry flight,
Even to the utmost throne of God. And lo,
As we who read do see him wildered, lost,
Threatened by beasts and by the terrible night,
Behold him where he meets his Mantuan guide,
And stands with Vigil—on the peak of song.

[Dante and Virgil are seen for a moment, far back above the city wall.]

And so, Newark, we greet you, and are gone.

[Exit Herald.]

[As the last Herald retires, The Puritan Spirit comes forward.]

THE WATCHER

So speak the nations, Puritan.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I hear and wonder.

THE WATCHER

And still thy city speaks not.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

She is dumb. The glories of the world
And all the visions of the peoples pulse in her
And yet she may not speak.

THE WATCHER

She waits thy word.

Call with an open heart, O Puritan.

Call Liberty.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I yield me, Watcher, to the living world,
And to the mighty memories by these
Brought home. I see my city richer for
Their high traditions and immortal names.
I call—and now at last I trust. I lift
Mine eyes to welcome Liberty.

[Music; Liberty enters, followed by a train of the spirits of primeval beauty who at the opening of the Masque were banished by the Puritan. Liberty approaches Newark; the groups of the Nations and Industries kneel; she touches Newark's hands and lips as though with some mysterious incantation. Newark rises, the grayness of her desolation falling from her as a cloak. She stands forward between Liberty and the Puritan Spirit.]

NEWARK

Rejoice, O ye who call my walls your home.
Our fathers stablished toil and love and faith;

The years have brought us light and Liberty;
The nations sent us from their mightiest souls
Their dreams and triumphs. Now the tide is
flood.

Now stand I at the peak of this my life,
Look back with pride, look forward with high
heart,
And lift my voice with yours, articulate.
Rejoice! Proclaim to-night my golden hour:
Lift to the stars your songs of festival.

CHORUS

*All hail! Fair City high in fame,
All hail! To Newark's mighty name.
The golden shafts of morning strike the spires
Above the mists with reverential fires;
Let all the sails of all the world
In thy deep harbor be unfurled.
All hail! Fair city high in fame.*

*To thee, O City dedicate
To God and Truth, we come in state
Hail, proud spirit of Newark—hail
City of faith and liberty.*

*Look now upon thine onward years and raise
Thy heart and voice in prayer and praise.
O Newark, lift thy crowned head in pride
Remembering those who served thee ere they died.*

[The nations pass before Newark in processional.]

*Accept thine homage, Newark, free,
From all the nations,
From all the nations,
Homage from nations leal to thee.*

*All hail! Fair City high in fame,
All hail! To Newark's mighty name.
The golden shafts of morning strike thy spires
Above the mists with reverential fires;
Let all the sails of all the world
In thy deep harbor be unfurled.
All hail! Fair city high in fame.*

[The lights sink as the mists again rise, and the Pageant disappears.]

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French.....	Emil Le Fevre	German.....	William Rothenberg

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CLUBS IN THE DANCES

Playfellows Club; Celluloid Club; St. Benedict's Academy; St. Vincent's Academy; National Turn Verein; Newark Turn Verein; Prudential Life Insurance Company; Girls' Club; Risveglio Partenepco Club; College Women's Club; Contemporary Club; Y. W. C. A. Club; Y. M. C. A Club; Summer Ave. Playground; Sons of Italy; Lafayette St. Playground; Barringer High School; Central High School; East Side High School; South Side High School; Vailsburg Associations.

ORGANIZATIONS IN CASTS AND GROUP LEADERS

Vailsburg Home and School and Property Owners' Associations: Mr. John Flammer, Mr. E. W. Stevens, Mrs. C. E. Gunterberg, Mrs. H. Lockwood and Mr. H. T. Jordon.

Improved Order Red Men: Mr. J. A. McDonald and Mr. C. Moshire
United Spanish War Veterans: Mr. J. Knell, Mr. G. E. Watt, Mr. C. Ward, Mr. Otto Wittich, Mr. J. Jenkinson and Mr. Joseph Hock.

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ASSOCIATIONS IN THE CHORUS

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION

Individual recruits from 6 to 35 in a group take part in the cast. Individual recruits from 10 to 40 in a group take part in the dance. A large number of individual recruits take part in the chorus.

SUPPLEMENTARY STAFF

Scenery by H. Wenzel.

Costumes by Fischer & Son, Philadelphia.

Costumes for the Masque made in Newark by the Costumes Committee.

Properties by Gary Vandermaast.

Lighting by the Paul Jachnig Elec. Co.

Boats by Peter Clark.

Models by Alexander Pope.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Pageant Committee wishes to thank the following:

Jas. C. Hallock, Asst. City Engineer, for professional services and advice in supervising construction of amphitheatre and stage.

A. M. Reynolds, Chief Engineer, Essex Co. Park Commission for services and advice.

The Costume Committee desires to express its indebtedness for valued assistance to the following:

Hahne & Co., for boxes.

Stoutenburg & Co., for forms.

Bamberger & Co., for forms.

Dempsey & Bros., for forms.

The hatters of Newark for a generous supply of hats to be used in the Masque head dresses.

McGregor & Co., clothiers, for Robert Treat Suit.

J. C. Reiss, optician, spectacles.

B. M. Shanley, Jr., & Co., for buckles for hat and shoes.

Salisbury & Jacobson Co., for hat.

E. C. Lanterman.

J. H. Phillips.

Baskets used by the children in the Civic Virtues Group are loaned by the State Commission for the Blind.

H. H. Hornpeck & Son, 16 E. 40th St., New York, for furs used in the Hides and Leathers Processional.

And to the following firms for trimmings used on Costumes for Jewels and Adornments:

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Committee which assembled Tuesday morning, April 27, 1915, at the Palace Ball Room, Bleecker and Washington Streets, to raise Newark's 1916 Celebration Fund of \$250,000

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Frank T. Allen	Hugh C. Barrett	John Bruenig
Henry Allsopp	Julius Barthman	John Buhl
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